The Nation

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The Week

Occurrences in Washington have served to bring out again in a strong light the glaring defects of the Senate as a body for the dispatch of public business. On Thursday of last week Senator Simmons, in behalf of the Democratic majority, sought to get the Republicans to agree to take a vote on the tariff bill at a day fixed. Consent was refused. And there is no way, under the Senate rules, by which this or any other contested bill can be brought to a vote, so long as a single Senator objects and is prepared to take and hold the floor against it. If Senator La Follette insists upon speaking for a week, there is no power in the Senate to stop him, even though all its members and the whole country are infinitely weary and disgusted. Yet this admission and perpetuation of futility and impotence are supposed to be consonant with the dignity of "the most august assembly on earth"! Thoughtful Senators know that this cannot go on. The Senate must show that it can be a reasonably prompt and business-like body, under its existing rules, or else those rules will have to be changed. The theory of the present system was that a house of Congress in which business can be transacted virtually by unanimous consent alone would always be made up of fair-minded gentlemen. But if a handful of prejudiced and unscrupulous men have got their clutch on the throat of the Senate, it is perfectly obvious that the old theory has broken down.

When the Attorney-General of the United States made his reply to the Senate inquiry concerning espionage upon Federal judges, and attempts by the Government to influence their decision in certain cases, the matter was discussed only briefly. Mr. McReynolds denied that there had been any investigation of judges by secret agents of the Department of Justice, except in the two or three instances where charges had been filed, and where it was desirable to have them looked into. One of those judges was Archbald, afterwards impeached. To this form of espionage nobody objects. But if what Senator Borah alleged, on his official responsibility, is true, there has been a far graver interference with the courts by Federal authorities:

> I have no doubt of the fact myself that for the last several years there has been such action upon the part of the department, through special agents and otherwise, as was calculated to influence judges in their decisions and in their conduct where the Government was interested. In different ways and by different methods other than by the usual practice, judges are given to understand the views of the Government as to what the law is and what the decision should be, and in different ways and by different methods judges are relieved and others whose views of the law are more satisfactory are substituted.

The Attorney-General specifically denied having knowledge of anything of this kind, and it is nowhere asserted that the present Administration has been guilty of it. If Senator Borah can show that Roosevelt was or Taft was, it will be a public duty for him to do so when the matter comes again before the Senate.

With mixed feelings sober-minded people of New York read that the Assembly had voted articles of impeachment of Gov. Sulzer. Impeachment is the final high recourse of the representatives of the people. It is a weapon which should be seized only in dire need, and never should be grasped by hands not themselves clean. It is staggering to think of this great instrument of the Constitution, laid up with awe, as it were, for use against corruption or oppression, employed by men notoriously corrupt to glut their vengeance. Whatever the faults and follies of William Sulzer, he might have steeped himself in corruption, for all that Tammany would have cared, had he been willing to do in all respects as he was bid by Murphy. The trial must now go on; and it is a satisfaction to believe that, whatever the enmities or malice entering into the framing and voting of the articles of impeachment, they will be argued before a tribunal which may be expected to do serene and impartial justice. We shall realize now the value of the Constitutional provision that the Judges of the Court of Appeals are to sit with the Senate when cases of impeachment are tried.

Meanwhile the political downfall of Gov. Sulzer is one of the most wholesome things that have occurred in this generation. Whatever the result of his impeachment, he is ruined as a public man. In this fact there is a certain consolation, not so much because it will be a terror to evil-doers, as because it will be a reminder to muddled thinkers. Since last October William Sulzer has been the occasion of an enormous amount of intellectual obfuscation on the part of many people ordinarily clear-eyed. Despite the warning of the proverb, they thought it possible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Sulzer's public career was perfectly well known. That he was a cheap man, of a vanity so colossal as to be a joke, a charlatan, a shallow-pate — all this was as well known as anything can be known in politics. It was not suspected generally that he was not straight, but the fact that he was a flighty and insincere and untrustworthy man he himself had demonstrated in a thousand ways. Yet merely because he chanced to be nominated and elected Governor of New York, we were assured by men whose sanity had never been called in question that Sulzer had suffered a sea-change and was no longer the man everybody had known him to be. We fancy that some of these rash endorsers of Gov. Sulzer would now give anything to recall their words. It is possible that even President Wilson might be glad to expunge his statement of last October, in which he spoke of Sulzer's nomination as that of "a man whose reputation for integrity and independence is unquestionable, a man of high principle, devoted to the public interest."

As the devil can quote Scripture to his own ends, so the voting-machine scandal in Chicago shows that corruption may avail itself of reform measures. The city's million-dollar purchase was not only declared honest at the time, but welcomed as a step towards purer elections. Now it seems probable that it was neither. Suspicion that the price paid was exorbitant is followed by alle-

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gations that the manufacturers offered, and newspaper men accepted, bribes for the support of the contract, and proof that the machine may actually facilitate fraud. Exhaustive tests show that by a slight manipulation a particular candidate or party will receive an ostensible majority, and not a vestige of evidence will be left. Whether the manufacturers of such devices are required to guarantee honest election officials may be doubted. At any rate, for a city to pay huge sums, involving apparent peculations, for the means of corrupting its own elections, is something to have left even Hogarth's electioneers wondering. It is to be hoped that between ex-Gov. Deneen's energetic investigation and a rather unsavory newspaper feud, the whole truth may be brought to light.

To indict a whole nation is impossible, but to indict an entire press is easy—in Chicago. Promising to "wage a fight on the venal newspapers to the end of the campaign," Commodore W. H. Thompson, "one of the deepseagoingest men" that ever signed checks on the bridge of the Chicago Yacht Club, recently announced himself for Mayor before the Lorimer Republican Club. "The mentioning of my name," he is reported as saying at a dry-land picnic, "means a bitter political battle between the people and the crooked Trust press." The Lorimerites have long breathed the asides of a heavy stage villain concerning the Chicago newspapers. But note the difference in the real Tartarin. Two days later, the Commodore mailed to the venal Trust press nine columns of water-carnival press-agent matter. "The Associated Yacht Clubs offer all these articles for publication," he remarked; "the coöperation of the press is required to make Chicago's second water carnival a success." Nor was he treated resentfully. "The newspapers are doomed, of course," said the *Record-Herald*. "But can't we save the naval pageant? Can't the Yacht Club's Mr. Thompson prevail on the Lorimer Club's Mr. Thompson to postpone their destruction until after the water carnival?"

Smashing the Democratic machine in Baltimore is a job that is seldom undertaken seriously, but the new primary law has stirred the progressive members of the party to renewed efforts. The provision that any candidate may have the ballot-boxes opened and the ballots recounted is relied upon to insure a fair count in the first place. Then, although not much is said about it, the character of the national Administration must have some effect upon the situation. At all events, the Progressive Democratic Organization is planning a fight for control of the party machinery. To this end it has obtained the nomination of candidates for the State Central Committee in each of the four legislative districts in Baltimore City. It further intends to name a full legislative ticket in these districts. The magnitude of the task before it, however, is shown by the fact that this organization does not think it advisable to enter the lists for sheriff, judge, clerk of courts, or Congressman. It will have candidates for delegates to the State Convention in all of the city districts, and be quite satisfied to win places on the State Committee and in the Legislature. As usual, the financial sinews of war are mainly on the side of the existing organization.

The noteworthy thing about the new charter adopted by Dayton, O., is its break with the theory of commission government as it has been understood hitherto. For Dayton, while declaring by a vote of two to one in favor of a commission, declares at the same time for that separation of legislative and executive functions which has been decried by advocates of commission government as a relic of an outworn system. Dayton's commission will do what any city council does, pass ordinances. Its Mayor will have the honor of being the "political head" of the city, and of presiding at commission meetings. But the man who will loom large in the city government will be the "city manager." Appointed by the so-called Mayor, dependent for his salary upon the commission, he will exercise control, through appointments and removals, and subject to civil service regulations, of the entire administration, exclusive of the courts and schools. In other words, commission government has swung around to the point of restoring the office of Mayor, but with the difference that he is appointed by the Council instead of elected by the voters. This is Cabinet government in little. It may be a wise development. At any rate, the evolution thus recorded is a warning to reformers not to be sure that old ideas of government have suddenly become archaic, and that by the simple process of discarding them we can have the millennium.

This may be a wealthy country, but it will have to be a good deal wealthier before its Legislatures can make both ends meet, at least with their present free and easy way of spending money. Illinois was reported a few days ago as facing bankruptcy, and Georgia is now on the verge of the same precipice. Her Legislature is informed by the Governor that of the $75,000 now in the treasury, $25,000 will be required for its own expenses, $20,000 for the State Sanitarium twice a month, and no taxes are in sight until autumn. The teachers of the State, for the first time in thirty years, are having to go without pay. The Georgia Constitution was amended in 1911 so as to limit the borrowing power of the State to a deficit created by delay in the collection of taxes, but the force of this amendment was lost upon the first Legislature to meet after its adoption. As the Governor says in his message: "If, by reason of excessive appropriations, the taxes shall have been exhausted in the fall of the year, the Governor cannot borrow for the purpose of running the government." Recourse must be had, accordingly, to "patriotic financiers" who have confidence in the intention of the Legislature to put the finances of the State upon a sound basis.

The National Association of Manufacturers is not the only body which believes that through its powerful influence the political stars move in their courses. Another modest organization is the Grange, a branch of which in Massachusetts has been enlightening the world as to its great achievements. Thus we learn that the Grange, and the Grange alone, "has done more good for the country than any other organization, or all other organizations together, and has done more to bring about great and needed reforms than all the others. The Grange brought about the secret ballot, the initiative and referendum, rural free delivery, the parcel post, the popular election of United States Senators, and will eventually bring about woman suffrage." The name of the speak-

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er was not Mulhall, but Odlin, William Odlin, of Andover, and he was never in doubt for a moment as to what the facts are. He is certain, for example, that "Bryan and Roosevelt, in advocating certain reforms, including woman suffrage, have simply been picking bouquets from the kitchen garden of the Grange."

A new use has been devised for the *Congressional Record* by a Representative from Oklahoma. He discovered in a magazine an article by a colleague. As he explained to the House, it teemed with brilliancy, pathos, and a devotion to the church. "It deserves to be read and referred to," he said, "in every church and Sunday school in the United States." The quickest way to get it read, of course, was to have it reprinted in the *Record*, where, in addition, it would "be preserved for those who come after us." Consent was given, and American literature was officially enriched by an essay on "Why I Attend Church." The first paragraph is sufficient illustration of the brilliancy and pathos which the Oklahoma Representative vouched for:

> It is sweet on a summer's morning, when the air is aquiver with the love songs of the birds and fragrant with the odor of roses blown, to hear the music of the church-going bells, an invitation to the world-wearied to enter God's temple and find peace, because the instinct of worship is in the heart of man, and the church is the temple of the living God.

The report of Huerta's ultimatum, inherently improbable on the face of things, has been officially contradicted by the Mexican Foreign Office. On the contrary, Mr. Lind is now declared to be in direct consultation with Huerta, and thus a distinct gain emerges out of what appeared to be a very grave situation. Even if we assume that Huerta was behind the so-called ultimatum, the fact that he has so speedily decided to repudiate it is an exceedingly reassuring circumstance. Step by step Mr. Lind has made his way. At first he was to be expelled from the country. He was not expelled. Then he was to be denied all means of communication with the Foreign Office. He did not find it difficult to get into touch with the Mexican Foreign Office. Personal communication between Mr. Lind and President Huerta was declared impossible. The impossible has taken place. Undoubtedly, the present situation is very delicate, but every reason exists for a continuation of the policy of patience and caution to which President Wilson has so resolutely adhered. Such uncertainty and vacillation as have characterized the relations between the two Governments have been all on Huerta's side.

That Parliament should have been prorogued, not to meet again till next February, and the Liberals left undisturbed in office, must both enrage and depress their Conservative opponents. For the latter have been frantically demanding that an appeal to the country be taken at once; and their shouts and prophecies must have deceived many of the rank and file of the party into thinking that there would be a speedy dissolution and a general election. As it is, the Asquith Ministry will have time to recuperate and to compose differences in preparation for the session of next year, when the Parliament Act will come into automatic operation, and all the critical bills of the Liberals can be made law without the consent of the Lords. It is, indeed, a Coalition Government, and Coalition Governments have been historically the easiest to defeat and break up. But it is the Tories themselves who have supplied the cohesive power to the present Coalition. By refusing to let any of its measures get through the Lords, they have simply compelled its differing members to stand together for at least three years, until they could each attain their desired legislation in the teeth of Conservative opposition. That was all along the obvious logic of the English political situation, to any one who looked at it dispassionately; and the foolish attempts of the Conservatives in the past few weeks to beat the Government on some "snap" division—even concealing members in a Commons bathroom to effect their surprise—show that they are beginning to perceive this.

The Kaiser's reported objection to having Austria borrow his rattling sabre and his mailed glove for the purpose of frightening the obstreperous Slav of the Balkans is natural. German influence is bound to profit, of course, by the increase of Austrian prestige in the Near East. But, after all, Germany has interests of her own in the North Sea, and she cannot give all her attention to her ally's quarrels. Austria, on the other hand, has good reason to press for a revision of the Treaty of Bucharest in which Bulgaria has been so thoroughly humiliated. That treaty marks the second check administered to Austrian ambitions in the Balkans within a year. The first came with the emphatic victory of the Balkan allies over the Turks. The appearance of a new military Power in the Balkans shut off the Austrian drift towards the Ægean. Still, it was some consolation that the leadership in the Balkans should be with Bulgaria, whose relations to the Triple Alliance were much more friendly than those of Servia or Greece. Indeed, it seemed that the rise of a Balkan Confederacy under Bulgarian dominance would not prove altogether unfavorable to Teuton influence. But then came the crushing defeat of Bulgaria by Servia and the Greeks; and what Servian sentiment is with regard to Austria has been made plain to the Government at Vienna.

It is usually held that the difficulty in combining high art with money-making lies in pleasing the public; but the case of Mlle. Moissé, this year's "first" at the Conservatoire in comedy and tragedy, shows the usefulness in Paris of making a second-rate impression. State training is conditioned on an agreement that all laureates shall give two years at low pay to the Comédie or Odéon. If outside theatres make glittering offers, the ransom from the subventioned stage is their $3,000 tuition. Mlle. Moissé decided to serve her country; but others have not. Where clever students see their weaker fellows sure to outstrip them professionally, a premium seems placed on feigned dulness. Moreover, the prestige of "firsts" is lessened by the frequent comment that Conservatoire prize-winners seldom reach celebrity. But as college men here go on striving for Phi Beta Kappa in spite of dismal reports of the alumni, in Paris there is still sharp competition within the Conservatoire. It is not only that Daudet's "Man with the Golden Brain" finds recreancy to his talents hard, or that the prize is still of great honor. The Conservatoire instils a healthful ideal of public service, and there is attraction in the high standards of the state theatre.

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WHERE IT LEAVES MURPHY.

One thing stands out in all the manifestations in favor of Gov. Sulzer. They are intensely anti-Murphy. It is not that Sulzer is admired or trusted, but that Murphy is detested and feared. In the face of the grave charges against Gov. Sulzer, which are so strongly evidenced and which he has not met in a way at all satisfactory, he could hardly have a friend—or, at any rate, a defender—in the State, were it not for one circumstance. That circumstance is named Murphy. Hatred of him almost takes on the guise of love of Sulzer. It is an extraordinary phenomenon. Men are writing letters to the press and talking to each other in the street who completely admit the worst that is alleged against Sulzer, yet who, in the same breath, declare that he ought to be supported simply because Murphy is fighting him. "If you would rise," was the advice of an old politician to a beginner, "make for yourself enemies." But the most skilled practitioner in politics could scarcely have been prepared for the remarkable demonstration of the value to William Sulzer, at this political juncture, of Charles F. Murphy's implacable enmity.

The explanation lies deep in human nature. Men believe in fair play, and are nauseated by hypocrisy; and in all the Sulzer affair they are convinced that Murphy is neither square nor honest. They know that the Tammany Boss would have supported, without a scruple, the crookedest Governor on earth, if only he could have used him. As for Murphy exposing and punishing corruption, that is a spectacle to give the whole State what Lloyd George called a "cross-Channel" feeling. It is casting out a devil by the prince of devils. This is unquestionably the sentiment which moves so many to take the position that it makes no difference how guilty Gov. Sulzer is, since it is Murphy who is trying to pull him down. They are appalled, and no wonder, at the thought of Tammany laying unclean hands upon that great emergency weapon of the Constitution—impeachment. And confused as is their reasoning and mixed their morals, the fact remains, and must be reckoned with, that they speak by the thousand in witness of the perfect hatred in which Murphy is held by the people of New York.

Taking all these outbursts as not pro-Sulzer, but anti-Murphy, where do they leave the Tammany Boss? What effect will they have on his political power in the State and in this city? How will those in office, and those who hope to be there, be influenced by all the proof that the greatest political sinner is regarded as not so black as Murphy? One remark may be confidently made. The popular feeling that has been shown will not be lost on the Acting Governor. Even if Mr. Glynn found no promptings of decency in his own heart, he could not be such a fool as openly to lend himself to Murphy, and sink himself in a common destestation. A test case may come soon. Tammany people have put it about that one of the early acts of Gov. Glynn would be to revoke the commission of Mr. Hennessy, whom Gov. Sulzer has set to work, under the provisions of the Moreland law, investigating conditions in various departments of the State Government. Now, it is immaterial whether Hennessy has found or could find anything damaging to Murphy. The mere fact that Tammany is afraid of him and wants him called off is a compelling reason why he should be kept on. If Mr. Glynn were to order him to drop his probe, the darkest suspicions would be confirmed. The whole movement to impeach Gov. Sulzer would then be declared throughout the State a Tammany conspiracy, and if the Acting Governor were to help it out, he would in the act damn himself as deep as Murphy.

In the coming municipal campaign, it is possible to take two lines of argument about the effect of this State-wide disclosure of hostility to Murphy. It may be said that terror of him has increased along with hatred of him. Politicians thinking of a break with him will tremble as they see Sulzer's fate. In a way, the power of the Tammany Boss has never appeared so tyrannical, brooking no opposition. But on the other hand, there must be a smouldering resentment even vaster than the one that is manifesting itself. It is not simply a question of Sulzer's friends seeking to take vengeance on Murphy. There will be multitudes quietly preparing to make their ballots speak their mind about him. It is not impossible that the very moment which seems to mark his exaltation to the pitch of effrontery and of power, may be the one at which he is to be cast down. Certainly, the motives and the occasion for striking hard at Murphy exist to-day as never before. Standing before the people as the most loathed figure in public life—revealed as such in the very hour of his imagined triumph over Sulzer—there ought to be fibre enough and fire enough in the community to keep his foul grasp off the throat of New York city.

GERMANY'S "RED POPE."

Readers who are interested in the notable career which closed with the death of August Bebel, the leader of the German Social-Democracy, can do no better than turn to Bebel's own story, "My Life," which appeared in this country last spring and has been reviewed in the *Nation*. The narrative is carried only to the year 1878, when Bebel was less than forty, but by that time the Socialist movement in Germany had passed its formative period, and Bebel's own life had been cast into its permanent mould. Simply, forcibly, without egotism and without the affectation of modesty, he has set down the facts of a courageous and busy life whose details justify the characterization of him in the Socialist press as the "proletarian champion of the German proletariat." His childhood was one of privation. His father, a non-commissioned officer in the Prussian army, died of consumption when the boy was four years old. His mother died of consumption when the boy was thirteen. He began to earn his living as a turner's apprentice. For many years thereafter, so he has written, one of his unrealized ambitions was "just once to eat my fill of bread and butter." Before he was twenty-one he was taking an active part in the workingmen's movement in Saxony.

Our ultra-revolutionists of to-day in politics, in art, in social philosophy, have made it a habit to sneer at the parochialism and the timidity of the age that goes by the name Victorian. What our arch rebels overlook is not only the fact that in this Victorian age were laid the beginnings of the great revolutionary movements of to-day—Darwin, Ibsen, and Karl Marx were contemporaneous with the antimacassar and the Friendship's Garland—but that the revolutionists of that day fought more strenuously for the things they believed in and brought greater sacrifices to the cause than the bold radical epigrammatists of to-day. The men of

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Bebel's time were concerned with ideas, but they were also, and distinctively, men of action. They were robust and single-hearted. Their economic and political beliefs were not overlaid—and badly confused—by vague æstheticisms and mysticisms. As in the case of Bebel, they often had to build up their own lives while they were building up social movements. Bebel knew privation, toil, the inside of state prisons. It was in his cell at Hubertsburg that he worked out his own education. For two and a half years he studied, read, wrote—he has given us the formidable list of books in his autobiography. That was the reason why to the last he held the discipline of the party firm against sudden innovations in revolutionary theory and practice. He knew, from personal experience, what it had cost in labor and sacrifice to lay the foundations of the Socialist party structure.

After the death of Liebknecht Bebel was the only survivor of the notable group associated with the birth of the German Social-Democracy—Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, Friedrich Engels, Liebknecht, and himself. But he had personality as well as prestige. He was a stirring orator, a brilliant tactician, and a man of unsullied private life, generous, sympathetic, eminently approachable. He needed all his resources. On the one hand there had grown up a school, of which Eduard Bernstein is the best-known exponent, which rejected some of the fundamental conceptions of the Marxian economics and advocated coöperation between the Social Democracy and the non-Socialist democratic elements in the Reichstag. On the other hand he had to combat the influence of the revolutionary extremists who, under the stimulus of the late upheaval in Russia, advocated the general strike and other forms of direct action which are now associated with Syndicalism. Bebel was afraid that a policy of opportunism might lead to party disintegration, and he had before him the example of the French and Italian Socialists. He was afraid that a general strike, by precipitating a direct trial of strength with the armed forces of the Empire, would lead only to reaction. He recognized the argument of hard facts. He was aware, for instance, of the growth of the national spirit in Germany, fostered in part by Imperial militarism and the traditional rivalry with France, and he went so far as to declare that in case of a defensive war with France he should be among the first to shoulder a musket and march to the frontier.

Bebel was called the "Red Pope" by the opponents of Socialism in sneering allusion to his unquestioned personal authority in a great democratic movement. But there is peculiar appropriateness in the nickname bestowed upon him when we consider that he regarded it as his principal duty to maintain a broad catholicism of Socialist doctrine and organization, so as to allow for divergent opinion within the party while preserving its unity. A party counting more than four million votes, or one-third of the entire electorate, is bound to chafe under inaction, especially when its opponents stand ready to borrow from its programme and win the credit for innovations forced upon them. But it was Bebel's belief that the Socialist party, like the Catholic Church, can wait. The highly interesting question is whether the German Social-Democracy can produce a successor to Bebel capable of continuing his work, or whether the Kaiser's Socialists are immediately to become a prey to the conflicting tendencies that have characterized the Socialist movement in other countries and are, indeed, inherent in the radical temper.

AGAIN THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Once more the old question of a tunnel between France and England has been revived. The British Prime Minister has again solemnly received a deputation of prominent men who favor its construction, and to them he gave the time-honored answer. He was glad to promise them full consideration of their proposal, and happy to admit that new factors had arisen which warranted a review of the Government's historic opposition to the scheme. Indeed, it had already been receiving the attention of his Government and of some of the departments, which he was sure would approach the matter with unbiassed minds. But, of course, the adverse decision reached in 1883 and endorsed by every successive Government could not be lightly set aside. There must be proper deference to the "long chain of authorities." The Government must secure "absolute strategic safety"; on the other hand, it was naturally deeply interested in improving means of communication between England and the Continent. In other words, the answer was as diplomatic and as unpromising as was to be expected from a Prime Minister striving to be judicial and noncommittal.

The committee which appeared before Mr. Asquith was an unusual one in that it represented all sections of the House of Commons and included no representatives of any railway company or of the old Channel tunnel company. Its sole purpose, its speakers declared, was to benefit the commerce of the two countries, France and England. They brought up a new point, the question of the food supply of England in case of war with any other country than France. If the Channel should be closed to the British fleet by reason of mines, submarines, and airships, the proposed tunnel would make it possible for England to draw in all the foodstuffs which could be obtained from France, or by shipment of neutrals into French ports. Mr. Asquith was, like every other statesman, deeply concerned in procuring "the best and freest outlet for food," and, of course, inlet, too. But the thing that weighed upon him chiefly was the military consideration. He could not get away from the fact that Lord Wolseley—a very substantial British military authority—had pronounced against the scheme, and he professed to be much disappointed that the committee had not brought evidence with it to show that there had been a change in the British military point of view—as if that point of view could change under a hundred years on any question.

It is precisely on this military rock that the tunnel project has been wrecked so many times. The British army cannot think of a tunnel without seeing hordes of French soldiers pouring through its mouth and shouting with glee over the final fruition of the Napoleonic plan for an invasion of the British Isles. To a lay mind, it should seem as if a couple of tons of dynamite, or even the deft use of a couple of batteries of artillery, would be sufficient to make the tunnel unusable should war arise between France and England. Moreover, that phase of the question seems never to have impressed the French imagination as it has the English. Thus the *Manchester Guardian* feels that "the mouth of a tunnel" is "the least promising of all avenue..

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of invasion," yet it believes that a conclusive argument against the tunnel is that it would increase "our liability to panics, great enough as it is." This constitutes surely another reason for revising the belief that John Bull is a purely stolid, phlegmatic person, not to be compared with his volatile and excitable neighbor across the Channel. When so liberal a newspaper as the *Manchester Guardian* condemns a great project like this on a purely psychological ground it must be admitted that the difficulties in the way of the tunnel are almost insurmountable.

To a foreigner it should seem as if a real statesman could easily find his way out of this dilemma, by a joint undertaking between France and England that in the event of hostilities the tunnel would be neutralized, or by engineering devices which would permit the flooding of the tunnel on twenty-four hours' notice, or by the construction of sufficient fortifications at the ends to make invasion impossible. But this is one of those military problems, like the matter of armament, in the face of which statesmanship is always ready to announce that it can find no solution. This is the more singular in view of the fact that there actually was signed in 1876 an agreement between France and England for this very tunnel. Had the English company then had the money in hand, the tunnel would have been built. But by 1883 the militarists got control of the situation, and since that time the Government has not only been not friendly, but actually hostile, to the plan. Now, the militarists fear not only France, but Germany. Preposterous as it may seem, it is actually argued that Germany *might* conquer France again, and then, looking for fresh fields, *might* march her soldiers into England. Could this imminent menace to Great Britain's freedom be disposed of by some fortunate turn in Continental politics, such as the establishment of a Triple Entente, comprising England, France, and Germany, we venture to assert that the militarists would produce a Russian danger, and still have in reserve a Chinese peril, to urge against what would unquestionably be a most beneficent commercial undertaking.

In one aspect there has been a distinct gain with the passage of time. No one doubts now that either a tunnel or a bridge is practical. Indeed, when the Government interfered in 1882 with the operations then in progress, a seven-foot driftway had been driven for 2,300 yards under the sea. A French company also sunk a shaft and started a heading. Since then the success in driving tunnels under the North and East Rivers in New York shows that a Channel tunnel could be built with much less money than had been estimated—the contractors for the Pennsylvania tubes are known to have made enormous profits. Nor does the distance, thirty miles, present great difficulties. But so long as British soldiers assert that you cannot block the mouth of a tunnel or guard it against a treacherous overnight raid of 500,000 Germans, Frenchmen, or Russians, so long, apparently, will this great enterprise languish.

IMPROVING THE COUNTRY FAIR.

An "experiment in coöperative recreation" was the sub-title given to the fourth annual field day held at Amenia, New York, on Saturday. The time-honored name of fair has been abandoned and with it have gone the vulgar side-show, the shell-game fakir, the roaring "barker," and many another feature that has distinguished the old-fashioned fair of late. Even pink lemonade is reported to have been absent, and a dearth of peanuts is said to have caused wonderment whether the drought in Kansas had not affected other sections. Not a single professional "fat lady" was on the grounds, nor a living skeleton; and most careful search is declared to have produced no trace of a midget or of any bedizened short-skirted dancer "straight from the Casino on Broadway, New York." Altogether, it was a hygienically sterilized and novel entertainment which lured by the thousand the dwellers in the Harlem Valley from their usual Saturday occupations.

By this it must not be thought that all interest leaves the country fair when its old name and everything which suggests a touch of wickedness disappear. It is merely a wholesale substitution which has gone on—birch beer in sanitary bottles drunk through sterilized straws in place of denatured pink lemonade in dirty glasses, automobiles by the hundred for farmers' wagons, and safe and sane athletic sports in lieu of carefully "pulled" or prearranged trotting races. Trap-shooting, tug-of-war, broad and high jumping, sack, obstacle, and three-legged races—these are some of the attractions of the modern field day, together with folk dancing (on Saturday, "by girls and boys from Amenia, Wassaic, Sharon, and Pawling"). Between the dancing and the tug-of-war at Amenia were fifteen-minute speeches by a real United States Senator and a genuine suffragist leader in the big tent by the road, and these, like all the other attractions, were free. Money, so runs the report, was the least useful article on the grounds. Even the ten most beautiful girls in Dutchess County, in suffrage tableaux, were to be seen without any expense whatever. For those more studiously inclined there were agricultural demonstrations by farm experts and State employees, including alfalfa planting, and, lest it be thought that there was a lack of patriotism, the national game was not neglected. Philmont and Pine Plains fought for the Harlem Valley championship.

Altogether, this is a serious and important effort to put the spirit of play into rural life, which a city man, Prof. Joel E. Spingarn, has started in Amenia because he, like so many others, feels that the country must be made as attractive socially as the city if the young folks are to be kept on the farms. Their doctrine is that there is a "good deal of work in the country, but most of our boys and girls have forgotten how to play," and that all such recreation plans should be carried out by the natives themselves, and not by irresponsible showmen from the Bowery, with a train of card sharpers and gambling touts. The continuing success of the experiment is demonstrated by the plan to organize at Amenia to-day a permanent body to carry it on. Indeed, it will soon pass out of the experimental stage, after another year or two of trial, when it will probably no longer depend on the initiative of one public-spirited man. That something must be done to organize country workers along social lines has long been recognized; this as much as the needs of the cities was a compelling reason for the organization of the Playground Association of America in 1906. The country man has taken his pleasures not only sadly and seriously, but altogether too much by himself; his sports have been the solitary

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sports—hunting and fishing. From this in the country town the reaction has been to the bar-room, the lodge-room, the billiard-table, and, latterly, the moving-picture show. But open-air meeting-places, with opportunities for harmless, healthful, stimulating recreation—these the countryside has only begun to have.

ENGLISH AND BASEBALL.

One of the most puzzling problems of this puzzling era is the effect wrought upon our native speech by contact with the national game. Why is it that when it essays to tell what happened at the Polo Grounds or Ebbets Field between the hours of 3:30 and 6 P. M., the English language stands on its head and tries to convey its meaning by waving its hands and feet, instead of speaking like one sane man to another? Surely, here is material worthy the attention of the philologist, not to say the psychopath; and yet up to the present moment no one has undertaken a scientific investigation of the case. Its difficulties, indeed, are enough to daunt the boldest. The Supreme Court may muster up courage to attempt the unscrambling of Trust eggs, but who will unscramble the conglomerate that decorates the sporting pages of our greatest newspapers—pages which, in the West and South, actually have to be of a different color from the rest of the edition in order to stand the strain of the verbal whirlwind which daily strews them with linguistic wreckage?

A step towards the solution of this question has been taken by the Chicago *Record-Herald*. Almost any one would say that, whatever the ideal may be, to write an account of a baseball game in anything resembling ordinary English would be an impossible feat. You might as well ask Henry James to write a novel in the same elusive medium. But nothing is too stupendous for a Chicago sporting editor to tackle, and accordingly the *Record-Herald* actually prints the story of a game in a style which it describes as "less boisterous" than the customary manner. In order to make the account intelligible to followers of the game, it prints alongside of it a story written in "baseballese." It asks its readers to express themselves with regard to the comparative merits of the two styles. As might be expected, these readers display an irreconcilable difference of opinion. "When you quit slang," writes one, tersely, "I quit the paper." The cogency of this argument is manifest. "Slang by all means," votes another. "Slang and baseball go hand in hand." "One is nearer the park," comments a third, "when Schulte 'slams the pill' than when he merely 'hits the ball.'" The critic who writes, "Eliminate slang from baseball accounts and you will kill the joy of thousands of fans," seems to mean the same thing as his fellow who exclaims: "Can the highbrow stuff. It isn't baseball. Sounds like croquet or authors. Come across with the real dope."

But those on the other side are just as earnest and vigorous. "A little mustard on a sandwich gives it snap," remarks one philosopher, "but who wants a mustard sandwich?" Rather surprisingly, the owner of the Chicago "White Sox," that "old Roman," Charles A. Comiskey, comes out decidedly for English. What readers wish to know first, he thinks, is who won the game, and, secondly, how it was won or lost. The University of Chicago, however, with that ultra-modern spirit which one expects of great educational institutions nowadays, does not vote for English unadorned. One professor thinks it would be "pretty tame" to report baseball in "plain, ordinary English." Yet unintelligibility is not desirable, either. "The real genius is the man who can introduce all the enjoyable piquancy possible within limits which will enable the ordinary reader to know what he is talking about. We want the picturesque." Presumably, this is what is meant by other writers who say: "Baseball slang is more clever and twice as interesting as the plain English." "The slang part is just as good as the baseball." "Puts life into the reading of games, and that's about all we see of the games out here." How high an ideal one may have in this respect is revealed by the statement: "I prefer to read a baseball story that can only be expressed in slang."

The distinction that needs to be drawn is that between graphic description and hysterical slang. To be asked to choose between dulness, posing as "plain English," and intoxication, calling itself picturesqueness, is to be confronted with a false dilemma. Slangy distortions and inventions, diction gone mad, and metaphor that o'erleaps itself, are not essential to an account which shall reflect the tension it reports. Here is a passage or two from the *Record-Herald's* "less boisterous" story:

> By hitting three Cub pitchers to every corner of the field, Philadelphia yesterday defeated the Cubs, 16 to 3, at the West Side Park. . . .
>
> Going slightly more into detail, it was apparent at the start that Lavender was not at his best—no, not against a team which can garner fifteen hits for twenty-eight bases during nine sweltering innings. He seemed to be shaky, but Paskert connected with one, a ball which floated near the corner, for a single. Knabe sacrificed him to second, and Lobert was the next out, Bridwell to Saier. Here Becker stepped into the glare with a two-base smash over second, and Cravath followed with a single. Not wishing Lavender any bad luck, but at the same time being compassionate of Cravath resting on first, Luderus, next up, put the ball into the right-field bleachers for a screeching home-run drive. That was all, as Doolan flew out to Evers.

Is it accurate to characterize a narrative written in this fashion as "a swell little obituary notice"? The trouble is that in rhetorical dissipation, as in any other, it takes a superhuman will to hold one's self back from the utmost verge. Why baseball should be more addicted to this vice than golf, tennis, or even football, is part of the general mystery in the case. Perhaps the greater attention devoted to it has turned its head and upset its moral equilibrium. Certainly there is no reason why the language in which an account of it is written should so far outdo the feats of the players whom it glorifies.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Old and obscure periodicals are something of a Tom Tiddler's ground where amidst rubbish heaps there are occasional pieces of the gold and silver of literature to be picked up. The *Sunbeam* is an unknown weekly magazine. Its first number is dated for Saturday, February 3, 1838; its last issue was that for December 28, 1839. These 100 numbers make two volumes and with title-pages and indexes were published "complete in one volume £1.8.0." "Devoted to science, literature, and music," each number had an original piece of music—some of them by well-known composers. In the last volume of the *Sunbeam* there is an announcement that it would be continued in a new and improved series as the *Sylph*, but whether this ever came out I know not. Neither *Sunbeam* nor *Sylph* is in the British Museum Catalogue of Periodicals.

The unknown editor was a great admirer of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and this may have induced Mr. Thomas Curnick, of Bristol, to send him in 1838 a letter he had received from the poet in 1814. Mr. Curnick was a worshipper, though not, it may be feared, a priest, of the Muses, and not satisfied with the opinions, or lack of opin-

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ions, of "his Bœotian friends" about his verses, he sent to S. T. C. a copy of an "Ode on the Victories obtained by the allied armies under the command of Lord Wellington," and with it a letter in which "a young and ardent mind naturally enough, freely indulged its observations on the chilling and destructive apathy with which metrical compositions were generally regarded." To understand the reply of S. T. C., it is necessary to quote some verse from this production:

Then tune, sweet lyre! to Wellington thy string;
To Wellington thy warbling accents raise:
For say of whom more glorious canst thou sing;
What mightier hero praise:
Than he whose powerful hand
Supports the tott'ring domes of freedom's state?
Inwreathed with victory see him stand,
And hurl upon his foes inevitable fate!

On the auspicious hour that gave thee birth,
Britannic Mars! rejoicing nature smil'd;
Cherubic forms declar'd thy future worth,
And mark'd thee conq'ror in the dreadful field.
Bright honour wove a chaplet for thy brow;
Justice thy manly bosom sway'd;
While, like the moon, thy acts conspicuous grow,
Till to the full they rise in majesty array'd.

. . . . . .

Hark! the brazen trumpet swells;
See where the god in terror rolls his car;
Swift as a wintry flood its course impels,
The rattling wheels resound, and thunder through the war.
Mark his helm and pond'rous spear;
Mark how his falchion fires the dusky air;
His steeds with meteor-manes, and eyes that wildly glare!

'Tis past—the fiend of slaughter flies;
In murmurs low the clam'rous battle dies;
As distant billows from the shore recede:
And hear what strains harmonious rise;
Strains which alone from seraph harps proceed,
Expansive through the skies.
Peace, behold on downy wings descending;
Unnumber'd joys her heavenly form attending;
Her accents every grief assuage:
And calm the dauntless warrior's rage.

The poet's reply is one that does credit to his kindly feeling, and may now be given in full:

MR. T. CURNICK—DEAR SIR:

I have been much affected by your letter, and have perused, with considerable pleasure, the poems which accompanied it. But how can I serve you? Gold and silver have I none; but, on the contrary, I am myself sorely embarrassed. Mr. Southey and I married sisters; and I am on terms of intimacy with him. But it was not to Kirke White, but to his family, that Southey could make himself serviceable, by becoming his biographer and editor, after his premature death.

Many thoughts crowded on me during the perusal of your letter, which pressing engagements prevent me communicating at present; but within a short time I will endeavour to perform that most arduous duty of one sympathizing Christian to another, that of telling what appears to him to be the truth. O that I could convey to you, in all its liveliness, the anguish of regret which I have a thousand times felt (while obliged, for the bread of the day, to be aiming at excellencies which in the most favored natures require health, competence, tranquillity, and genial feelings), that I had not been taught to earn my subsistence mechanically, where, if my fingers were weary, my heart and brain at least were at rest!

From the time of Pope's translation of Homer, inclusive, so countless have been the poetic metamorphoses of almost all possible thoughts and connections of thought, that it is scarcely practicable for a man to write in the ornamented style on any subject without finding his poem, against his will and without his previous consciousness, a cento of lines that had preëxisted in other works; and this it is which makes poetry so very difficult, because so very easy, in the present day. I myself have for many years past given it up in despair.

There is much fire and spirit in your Ode on Lord Wellington; and the chief defect is a confusion of mythology. Cherubs have no connection with Mars; and the first stanza is obscure, because the reader does not know whether you mean Lord Wellington or an imaginary god of war. If the latter, the after introduction of the Almighty is irreverent; or (as the painter's phrase is), "out of keeping." If the former, the ponderous *spear*, etc., is not translatable into sense and fact. Poetry must be *more* than good sense, or it is not poetry; but it dare not be less, or discrepant. Good sense is not, indeed, the superstructure; but it is the rock, not only on which the edifice is raised, but likewise the rock-quarry *from* which all its stones have been, by patient toil, dug out.

The whole of next week I am unfortunately preëngaged, day after day, and the whole of each day; but, after that, you will generally find me at No. 2. Queen Square, any time from seven in the evening to ten; and if you can point out any mode in which I can be really useful to you, be assured I shall be most ready to attempt it.

Will you forgive a man who has had repeated occasions for mourning that he had not himself pursued the profession of the law, (a profession which needs only to be considered in the light of a manly philosophy to present many charms to a thinking mind, and which, beyond all others, gives an insight into the real state of society, the hearts, morals, and passions of our fellow-creatures,) to ask you why a man of genius should despair of making genius effective and illustrious in the pursuit of the profession in which it has pleased Providence to place him? I do not know your age, but you inform me that you are an attorney's clerk. Even such was Garrow—such was Dunning.

Do I advise you to desert the Muses? No! I give no advice which, I know, would be vain; but my experience does warrant me, "with a warning and dolorous blast," (as Milton says,) to exhort all men of genius to take care that they should rely on literature only for private pleasure and solace; or, at most, for the *dessert* to their dinner, not for the dinner itself.

I beg your acceptance of the enclosed ticket, which, should you have leisure or inclination, will admit yourself and a friend to my course of lectures.

With sincere good wishes, yours, dear sir,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

Bristol, 9 April, 1814.

Two volumes are known from the pen of Curnick. One is "Jehosaphat, with other poems," printed at Bristol in 1815, and the other is "De Eloquentia Sacra," a poem, to which is prefixed a translation of George Buchanan's "Hymnus matutinus ad Christum," issued at the same place in 1825. Years had perhaps tamed Mr. Curnick's Muse, for he writes, "As to the ode, the experience of the realities of life during the last quarter of a century has quite eradicated any morbid sensibility in my mind, either as to the censure or the approbation with which it may now be read."

When Coleridge wrote this letter, he was in Bristol on a lecturing expedition, which does not appear to have been very successful. His discourses on Milton were "indifferently attended." The poet was not in good physical condition. "An erysipelatous complaint," he writes to Cottle, "of an alarming nature, has rendered me barely able to attend and go through with my lectures, the receipts of which have almost paid the expenses of the room, advertisements, etc. Whether this be to my discredit or to that of the good citizens of Bristol, it is not for me to judge." His statement that "Milton had represented Satan as a Skeptical Socinism" gave offence to Estlin, and certainly came with bad grace from one who at an earlier period was a willing preacher of Unitarianism. To this visit, too, belongs the painful correspondence with Cottle, who had only then discovered the enormous extent to which Coleridge was using—or misusing—opium. To Cottle's faithful remonstrances and reproof S. T. C. sent the mournful reply: "You bid me rouse myself; go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery.'" It was a wounded giant who amidst his troubles physical and mental wrote this kindly letter to Thomas Curnick.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

THE LIBRARIES AND THE SCHOLAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some time ago I addressed the same query to the libraries of Boston, New York, and Washington, namely, what Spanish novels of chivalry printed before 1650 were in their possession? There is a list of such novels in the fortieth volume of the Biblioteca de Autores Españoles. The reply from New York was that they had not a single one, and from the other two cities that they could not answer my question. If I had to rely on American libraries, my recent article in the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen* would never have been written. One librarian went so far as to send me a list of picaresque novels, and on my remonstrance he replied that the novels of chivalry and the picaresque novels were so much alike that they could be easily mistaken one for the other.

In the recent book on Greek novels by Dr. S. L. Wolff there is no evidence that the author has seen any of the old editions of the Italian translation of Achilles Tatius. I suppose they were not accessible. Now, I have three copies of them in my possession, bought at fifty cents apiece.

The Italian play, "Il Sacrificio degli Intronati," is very often mentioned as a possible source of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Now, the late Dr. Furness had a copy of it, and I have three of them, but a person who should ask for it at an American library would probably get nothing but a stare.

There is nothing more mischievous than the American librarian's notion that a book has to be bought only when there is a demand for it. Some books have to be bought as soon as a chance presents itself, irrespective of the demand. I had only one chance of buying a certain book in my whole life; I bought it, and have been using it constantly.

There is another question which I should like to touch, namely, that of etiquette. When I write for information to a European library, I generally get a reply from the librarian himself or his assistant, and the reply is to the point. In this country one is likely to get a letter of an extraordinary flippancy, smacking of centuries of half-education and signed Miss Dashaway. Some time ago one of the best libraries was requested to send a complete

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edition of Straparola's novels. An abridged edition was duly received the next day. In fact, most of the librarians do not know whether the editions in the library are abridged or not, unless it is specified in letters of an inch size on the title. The fallacy of the American notion of cataloguing books from the titles alone will sooner or later become apparent.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., August 12.

MEMORIALS TO KING EDWARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask for the hospitality of your columns to enable me to state that, by desire of her Majesty Queen Alexandra, I have undertaken to collect particulars, for publication in due course, of all memorials, of whatever description, at home, in the colonies, and abroad, to his late Majesty King Edward, as also of any events connected with the King during his life, of which there has been any record.

I shall be much obliged, therefore, to hear from those who may be connected with such memorials, or events, when I shall be glad to send particulars of the information required.

JAMES GILDEA, Colonel.

11 Hogarth Road, London, S. W., August 7.

CATHOLICS AND LIBERTY OF OPINION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 7, "T. V.," writing a letter on "Catholicism and the Roman Hierarchy," says I made an "amazing statement," when I said, in the *Nation* of July 24, that I, a Catholic, had not been forbidden to believe in our public-school system and to disbelieve in a union of church and state. He advises me to read certain paragraphs of the Syllabus of Errors in the Pope's Encyclical of December 8, 1864, where, he says, my opinions are proscribed. I have read them. They apply to educational and governmental conditions which are inimical to the Catholic religion. They are not fairly applicable to a school system in which Catholics have a voice equal with others, nor to a government over people of many sects which treats all alike.

If "T. V." will read, in the Catholic Encyclopædia, the article on "Schools" by the Rev. William Turner, professor of philosophy in the Catholic University at Washington, and that on "Church and State" by the Rev. Charles Macksey, professor of ethics in the Gregorian University at Rome, he will see that my statement was nothing amazing.

I am sorry that I cannot at this moment find a recent strong statement of Cardinal Gibbons, on church and state, printed in the Baltimore *Sun*, but the following from him of an earlier date will serve:

> I see no contradiction between loyalty to Christ and allegiance to our civil rulers. I see nothing in the Constitution that is opposed to the Gospel, and I see nothing in the Gospel that is at variance with the Constitution.

And this:

> I do not wish to see the day when the church will invoke or receive any government aid to build our churches, or to pay the salary of our clergy, for the government may then begin to dictate to us what doctrines we are to preach. G. H.

Washington, August 11.

THE CHURCH AND THE POPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent of yours writes on the "passing of the papacy," as though that "would be an inestimable blessing for every Catholic community on earth."

Herein is a strange confusion of Catholic truth. Papacy removed, *ipso facto* the Catholic Church becomes reduced to zero. Christ is the divine head; the Church is Christ's body mystical; Holy Spirit its heart. But Christ on earth is represented absolutely till the end of time by the Pope, His delegated vice-regent; else, Catholic Church there is none, nor tenably can be. For living Catholics the Church organism to-day stands precisely on a par with the primitive organism of Pentecostal miracle, sign and seal; encyclicals of to-day have entirely the same force and authority for Catholics now as the Apostles' letters to the early Church. Your correspondent utterly mistakes the rudiments of the Catholic faith if he dreams that one true Catholic in all Christendom has an atom or shred of Catholic identity *minus* the "Papacy." WILLIAM PRICE.

Ridley Park, Pa., August 4.

"OF THE PEOPLE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to the Boston *Herald* some two weeks since, Mr. C. H. Collester made the same point about Lincoln's phrase that Mr. Eckels makes in his communication to the *Nation* of August 8. Surely they are right. Lincoln's thought is: We are resolved that popular government—*i. e.*, government not only *for* the people (as benevolent despotism might be), but also *by* the people (which representative government alone is), shall not perish. In the shallow eloquence of careless speakers, the three prepositions are emphasized; I have, however, heard one intelligent and accomplished speaker, Dr. Charles Fleischer, of Boston, quote it understandingly: ". . . government of the people—*by* the people and *for* the people." H. L. SEAVER.

Boston Institute of Technology, August 14.

THE UPLIFT OF THE STAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Green Meadows has become a centre of interest: the eyes of the world, we are assured, are upon us; we are mentioned in the press; our stock company is pictured in the ten-cent magazines—because we are engaged in that rather modern feat of elevating the public by means of the stage.

We take our theatrical joys with great solemnity. Going to the theatre is urged upon us as a duty, as the "Friday meeting" used to be in the days of my youth. The "first-nighter" is hailed as a philanthropist—and suffers like a martyr. No revivalist or earnest young minister ever searched the byways and hedges more eagerly to bring up attendance than we hunt for supporters of our local theatre. The laborer is pursued to his lair; the working girl to her club of a Sunday afternoon; and—not the joy—but the duty of theatre-going is pressed upon them. The clergy appear in the local press, declaring in huge headlines: "Not Our Stock Company but Green Meadows Is on Trial"; "If we fail our actors, the condemnation of the world will fall on us." We are run to earth in our offices by eager and voluble young men; besought to go down into our reluctant Yankee pockets and purchase tickets which we cannot use; to "buy up the gallery," and throw it open to that public we are so anxious to uplift.

And the lever of educational and spiritual uplift? the moral boot-strap by which we are lifting ourselves to higher levels?

That really is one of the most interesting phases of the situation. Sometimes the "uplifter" is a Broadway success of some seasons back; again a barnyard and kitchen drama. We elevated the most with "Forty Minutes from Broadway" and "Are You a Mason?" but we have had marked effects—in attendance—with "Madame X," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "Paid in Full," "Going Some," "The Gamblers," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," "The Deep Purple," and "The Two Orphans."

And yet, in spite of these ennobling offerings, the curious fact remains that we are apparently merely elevating the elevated, after all. The laboring man and the factory girl continue to haunt the "movies," the vaudeville, and even that inferior—and cheaper—company that plays "Romeo" with "a punch that gets over the footlights." There is a rumor that one foreigner has had a ten-cent seat in the upper gallery since the season opened, and I have heard that "a really quite shabbily dressed woman was seen at a matinée," but in general we are elevating the "old families," the society folk, and the prosperous manufacturers in the intervals of their descents upon New York, and we are—oh, thoroughly in earnest about it.

It will continue to be worth while to watch Green Meadows. L. D. THOMSON.

Pittsfield, Mass., August 7.

Literature

EVOLUTIONARY PHILOSOPHY.

Development and Purpose: An Essay Towards a Philosophy of Evolution. By L. T. Hobhouse. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

With this volume Professor Hobhouse presents the concluding and unifying part of one of the most considerable and impressive pieces of British philosophical construction which our generation has seen. It is the work of a quarter-century of exceptionally patient, circumspect, and fair-minded reflection. The principal conclusions of the author's three earlier philosophical books now appear partly as "transcended standpoints," but chiefly as included elements; and of the main general tendencies of reflection during the same period the book is in a high degree representative—though scarcely characteristic. For to be broadly representative has not been characteristic of most of the more celebrated recent philosophers; they have rather been given to exploiting to the utmost single and one-sided, if brilliant, *aperçus*. Mr. Hobhouse is nothing if not judicious and sober-minded—which is not to say that he is dull; and,

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though scarcely one contemporary philosopher is mentioned by name, the book gives constant evidence of a very honest and impartial pondering of nearly all the characteristic speculative ideas of our time.

The author's enterprise, like Bergson's in his best-known book, is that of taking up the task prematurely essayed by Spencer—the interpretation of evolution. In treating this as the essential task of philosophy in general, Mr. Hobhouse writes himself down as one of the school of "temporalists"—to use a convenient term now coming into use. To the entire series of British and American post-Kantian idealists the temporal order and the sequences and causes of the events in it were the province of science, but not at all of metaphysics. They took this order, with whatever it happened to contain, and "reinterpreted" it in its "eternal aspect." The concrete content of the world made little difference to such philosophers; one set of empirical facts was no more—or no less—refractory to inclusion within a time-transcending Absolute or "spiritual principle" than another set. But Mr. Hobhouse—and here he is representative of the prevailing movement among contemporary philosophers—finds such a philosophy neither legitimate nor important. "I could," he writes, "never accept the view that the whole work of science was of secondary importance, that it could go on constructing its world as it chose, but that whatever its results, a metaphysical analysis would always be able to reinterpret the entire scientific scheme on its own lines." To his philosophy, therefore, the facts of the temporal order are the essential data of philosophy. Were they other than what science apparently shows them to be, the resultant philosophy would be essentially different. And the service which philosophy in the end is to render is to enable us to understand what sort of temporal process is going on here, how we stand related to it, and what our expectations of it may be. On the other hand, philosophy is not merely an abridgment or compend of the results of the special sciences. It uses those results, but it applies both to them and to the presuppositions of the sciences the method of logical analysis. It is by using both instruments that it may gain a generalized acquaintance with the factors, the larger sequences, and the rational meaning of the cosmic process.

Of this general problem, the essential question, for Mr. Hobhouse, is that concerning the rôle of mind in evolution. Is the mode of action which we call conscious and, in its higher stages, purposive and rational, irreducible to mechanistic categories? Is it an actual causal factor, both in the physical behavior of the individual and in the determination of the course of organic development? Is it a factor which becomes so increasingly dominant as evolution continues that it may be regarded as the principal key to the interpretation of the whole process? And are there reasons for affirming the existence, over and above particular human and animal intelligences, of a Central Mind, gradually coming to a fuller realization of itself and progressively fulfilling through the cosmic history purposes themselves progressively expansive? The questions are well chosen; for they constitute, assuredly, the issues which to a temporalist philosophy must appear of greatest human significance. And to all four of them Mr. Hobhouse returns affirmative answers. He is—to use, for brevity's sake, the conventional labels for the classification of philosophers—in essentials a psychophysical interactionist; he is a "psycho-vitalist," conceiving it to be "the simplest hypothesis that all true organic actions are guided by some psychic element" (p. 328); and his doctrine culminates in a sort of evolutionary theism. His God is, of course, frankly "a God in the making"; "we must regard the Central Mind itself as undergoing development," and "the purpose operating in evolution" as "itself not fully defined in the beginning." The total world-picture which results is a sort of dualism:

> The Mind that we are led to contemplate must neither be confused with the whole of things nor with an Omnipotent Creator of things. It is not the whole, for mechanism — the antithesis of purpose — runs through the structure of the whole, and, in dependence on mechanism, discord and evil (p. 367). . . . Our account will yield us a picture of Mind neither as the Lord of All, nor as the casual by-product of the clash of forces, but as the impulse towards organic harmony working under limiting conditions which it gradually subdues; and in such an impulse on a still vaster scale we shall find . . . the most reasonable interpretation of the vital process of the cosmic order (p. 17).

This residual dualism of mechanism and mind has some resemblance to that struggle between the *élan vital* and an inert and refractory matter which lends a sort of dramatic interest to Bergson's "Creative Evolution." But one of the two antagonists here is quite unlike its Bergsonian counterpart. The antithesis to mechanism in Mr. Hobhouse's cosmos is not an irrational vital impulse with which we best become acquainted by divesting ourselves of the categories of "the intellect"; it is, on the contrary, a tendency towards rationality, making for "correlation" and "harmony" through ever wider circles of existence.

These are conclusions which most of us, no doubt, would gladly see demonstrated. For all of them Mr. Hobhouse offers extended and careful, and sometimes effective, argument. To have given an irrefragable philosophic proof of them all would have been a very great achievement. But it seems doubtful whether the rigorous logician will find Mr. Hobhouse's reasoning unimpeachable at all the critical points. The matter of greatest difficulty is, of course, the extension of the conclusions reached concerning the place of mind in past terrestrial evolution, so as to give them a cosmic bearing and to derive from them a "melioristic" anticipation of the future of the universe and of man. The history of a single planet or solar system, during the brief span of a few hundreds of millions of years, can scarcely yield a cogent inductive inference respecting the disposition of so large a thing as a universe, or the tendency running through all time. On the other hand, the widest generalization which natural science has yet reached concerning, not the recurrent individual phenomena, but the prevailing *direction*, of the processes of the physical world—the so-called law of the degradation of energy—does not afford a favorable basis for a cosmic meliorism. Mr. Hobhouse recognizes these facts, and accordingly rests his larger affirmations not upon an analysis of empirical evidences, but upon an original and ingenious dialectical argument, constituting his concluding two chapters. Unfortunately, this argument is the most obscure and logically the weakest part of the book. The author, however, since he is a genuine evolutionist also in his theory of knowledge, makes no pretension to having reached "demonstrative certainty." He professes only to have shown that "on a complete and impartial review of a vast mass of evidence," his conclusions are "probably true"; and that accordingly we have definite and preponderant reasons for answering in an affirmative spirit all "the fundamental questions"—the questions:

> Whether the life of man is full of hopeful purpose or void of meaning, whether he can recognize in the constitution of things something that meets his hopes and answers his aspirations, whether he can make for himself a religion without self-deceit, whether he can finally improve the condition of his race by effort, or is doomed always to fall back from every forward step, whether he can trust to his reason or must admit the ultimate futility of thought, whether the spirit of human love is justified of her children, or blood and iron must continue to rule the world.

CURRENT FICTION.

Works of Gilbert Parker. Imperial Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. In 18 volumes. $2 each, by subscription.

For a novelist, at fifty, to attain to a full and "definitive" edition of his works, is sufficient proof, at the very least, that his market value possesses a certain stability. If any one cares for

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further proof in the present instance, let him apply at a public library for any dozen novels by this writer, and see how many of them are "in." It is safe as well as decent for Sir Gilbert Parker to waive the use of his title on his title-pages. An author's advance in popular esteem is marked by the dropping of prefixes, not by the taking of them. It is an edition of "Parker" which the publishers are now adding to their similar editions of Kipling and Stevenson and Meredith and Ibsen.

I.

Gilbert Parker was born in Canada in 1862, and his most popular stories have the Canadian setting. But he has chosen to be a subject of the British Empire rather than a Canadian; a fact suggested by the title of "Imperial Edition" given to the present collection of his works. From Trinity College, Toronto, he went to Australia, and at twenty was associate editor of a newspaper in Sydney. Seven years later he was in London, seeking his literary fortune. He had brought with him some twenty tales of Canadian life, a few of which had been published in Australia. He meant to make a book of them, and showed them to Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent. After reading them, Forbes said: "You have the best collection of titles I have ever known"; and offered a letter to a publisher. But the author got the force of the unspoken criticism, took the stories back to his lodgings, read them carefully, and burned them, one by one. The next day he happened to pass a second-hand shop in Covent Garden: "In the window there was the uniform of an officer of the time of Wellington, and beside it—the leather coat and fur cap of a trapper of the Hudson's Bay Company! At that window I commenced to build again upon the ashes of last night's fire. Pretty Pierre, the French half-breed, or rather the original of him as I knew him when a child, looked out of the window at me. So I went home, and, sitting in front of the fire which had received my manuscript the night before, with a pad upon my knee, I began to write the 'Patrol of the Cypress Hills,' which opens 'Pierre and His People.'" These stories found immediate favor with editors (especially with the late W. E. Henley) and a large public. Thereafter it was plain sailing for the young adventurer. Things "came his way" and have not ceased to come.

II.

In reading the special introductions prepared by the author for this edition, we are chiefly impressed with the evidences of his satisfaction in his own work. It is seldom that an artist, literary or other, is able to look at what he has done with such unalloyed pleasure as this. Some measure of discontent, divine or human, is the lot of most workmen as they survey their work. However keen the zest of labor may have been, the product, surveyed in cold after-mood, seems painfully defective, if not paltry altogether. The best to be got from the experience is a rueful lesson or two, and an impulse to try again. Sir Gilbert has had no such uncomfortable experience in acting as his own editor. He looks upon the world he has created and finds it good. Each of his books has, he perceives, its own place in the scheme of things. Work which critics have slighted as crude or inferior, he regards with generous enthusiasm, with reverence, even, as marking some characteristic of an early mood, or some phase in his development. To explain this attitude we have his firm and confessed belief in popularity as the test of merit. From such a test he emerges triumphant, with the highest possible marks. Hence the well-nigh Boswellian ardor with which he dwells upon the details of his upward course. Hence, instead of suppressing his first long story, "Mrs. Falchion," a juvenile and absurd performance, he reprints it with a full and kindly commentary. He admits that it is faulty in construction, superficial as to incident, and crude of plot, but imagines that it is "in the main a study of character."

That he is notably a student of character, that his persons are living, breathing beings, rather than effective types, is a conviction of his. He cannot let it alone, is always returning to it, "rubbing it in," in the course of these introductions. Even in the Pierre tales, he recalls that characterization was to him the main thing. "The truth is, that while the episode, which is the first essential of the short story, was always in the forefront of my imagination, the character or characters in the episode meant infinitely more to me. To my mind the episode was always the consequence of character. That almost seems a paradox; but apart from the phenomena of nature, as possible incidents in a book, the episodes which make what are called 'human situations' are, in most instances, the sequence of character and incidental to the law of character set in motion. As I realize it now, subconsciously my mind and imagination were controlled by this point of view in the days of the writing of 'Pierre and His People.'"

To speak of being "controlled by a point of view" is characteristic of this writer. Accuracy of phrase is nothing to him. His effects are the effects of a rapid eloquence. He prides himself quite as much on the painless delivery of his work as upon its slow gestation. He esteems "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" partly because it was written at a heat. He exults in recalling the details of the feat:

> The manuscript of the book was complete within four weeks. It possessed me. I wrote night and day. There were times when I went to bed and, unable to sleep, I would get up at two o'clock or three o'clock in the morning and write till breakfast time. A couple of hours' walk after breakfast, and I would write again until nearly two o'clock. Then luncheon; afterwards a couple of hours in the open air, and I would again write till eight o'clock in the evening. The world was shut out. I moved in a dream.

III.

The theory of the possession, or obsession, of the author by his work, is a favorite; it is often recurred to in these introductions. The reader will find it most fully stated in the preface to "The Seats of the Mighty":

> . . . I have strong views upon this business of compulsion in the mind of the writer. Unless a thing has seized a man, has obsessed him, and he feels that it excludes all other temptations to his talent or his genius, his book will not convince. Before all else he must himself be overpowered by the insistence of his subject, then intoxicated with his idea, and, being still possessed, become master of his material while remaining the slave of his subject. I believe that every book which has taken hold of the public has represented a kind of self-hypnotism on the part of the writer. I am further convinced that the book which absorbs the author, which possesses him as he writes it, has the effect of isolating him into an atmosphere which is not sleep, and which is not absolute wakefulness, but a place between the two, where the working world is indistinct and the mind is swept along a flood submerging the self-conscious but not drowning into unconsciousness.

Atmosphere and individuality are words of which this writer makes much in connection with his work. "The atmosphere of a story or novel is what temperament is to a man. Atmosphere cannot be created; it is not a matter of skill; it is a matter of personality, of the power of visualization, of feeling for the thing which the mind sees. It has often been said that my books possess atmosphere." And his success in achieving atmosphere for his fiction he perceives to be an effect of personality. Therefore, in introducing his South Sea stories, he finds that, "whatever their degree of merit, they possess freshness and individuality of outlook":

> Others could no doubt have written them better, but none could have written them with quite the same turn or touch or individuality; and, after all, what we want in the art of fiction is not a story alone, not an incident of life or soul simply as an incident, but the incident as seen with the eye—and that eye as truthful and direct as possible—of one individual personality. George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson might each have chosen the same subject and the same story, and each have produced a masterpiece, and yet the world of difference between the way it was presented by each was the world of difference between the eyes that saw. So I am con-

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tent to let these stories speak little or much, but still to speak for me.

IV.

In a general way it is fair to say that Gilbert Parker has done for Canada something like what Bret Harte did for early California and Kipling for the India of the eighties. But so far as atmosphere is concerned, he is more nearly akin to the American than to his fellow-colonial. His atmosphere is local color, heightened and illumined with romance.

Like Kipling, however, he has refused to be content with a single atmosphere. He has travelled all over the world and lived all over the Empire, everywhere finding materials, not so much for immediate copy, as for future reference. A certain remoteness in time and place seems to have been necessary to the free exercise of his fancy. The stories of the South Seas were most of them written in England. "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" was composed partly in Virginia and partly in New York city; "The Translation of a Savage," at Hampstead Heath, "The Trespasser" (a sort of companion piece), in Brittany. The author of "Donovan Pasha" and "The Weavers," first visited Egypt in 1889, but there were to be three more visits, and many years were to pass before he finally undertook the interpretation of what he had seen. Only the Jersey stories seem to have been written on the spot.

"The Battle of the Strong" was undertaken in a mood of defiance. The large public won by "Pierre and His People" had been held by other stories of the Far North: "It looked as though I should be writing of the Far North all my life. Editors had begun to take that view. . . . I was determined that I should not be cabined, cribbed, and confined in one field; that I should not, as some other men have done, wind in upon myself until each succeeding book would be but a variation of some previous book and I should end by imitating myself, become the sacrifice to the god of the pin-hole." Therefore he betook himself, "with his teeth set," to Jersey, determined to prove, to himself at least, that he could write of something besides Canada. It was, he says, the beginning of his wider fame. He saw before him fields for future conquering—the Channel Islands, Egypt, South Africa, and India. "In all these fields, save India," he says, looking back, "I have given my Pegasus its bridle-rein, and, so far, I have no reason to feel that my convictions were false." He particularly prides himself on the accuracy of his local color. He has "not yet met a Jerseyman who denies to it ["The Battle of the Strong"] the atmosphere of the place." "Donovan Pasha," before publication, "passed through the hands of an Englishman who had done over twenty years' service in the British army in Egypt and in official positions in the Egyptian administration, and I do not think that he made six corrections in the whole three hundred pages."

V.

The characteristic quality of his work he takes to be a peculiar blend of romanticism and realism first seen in "Mrs. Falchion," first strongly developed in "The Right of Way." The story of Charley Steele marked, he says, "the beginning of a new epoch in my literary life. I had got into subtler methods, reached more intimate understandings, had come to a place where analysis of character had shaken itself free—but certainly not quite free—from a natural yet rather dangerous eloquence." Certainly not quite free, either then or later. The fact made quite clear by these introductions is that their author misunderstands his function. The great and continued popularity of his work stands for something, but does not prove that it is the work of a serious artist. Gilbert Parker belongs to the same order as the late Marion Crawford. He is a natural story-teller, a born entertainer, with a gusto for his job. He loves to have things happen, to play upon such nerves and sensibilities as the reader of romance puts at the disposal of romancers. He does not go very deep into human life and character. He has atmosphere and picturesqueness, and a good stage presence of his own. His latest fiction does not differ in essence from his earliest. Crudities of manner have been outgrown, in large part, but the matter remains crude, or, it would be fairer to say, elemental. There is less eloquence in "The Weavers" and "The Judgment House" than in the Pretty Pierre stories; but they are equally based upon that conventionalized treatment of incident and character for which the word "melodrama" is a convenient tag.

BOOKS ON WAR.

The Human Slaughter House: Scenes from the War which is Sure to Come. Translated from the German of Wilhelm Lamszus. New York: Frederick A Stokes Co. 50 cents net.

Pickett and His Men. By LaSalle Corbell Pickett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1899, re-issue 1913. $2.50 net.

The Bugles of Gettysburg. By LaSalle Corbell Pickett. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. $1 net.

The Heart of a Soldier. By LaSalle Corbell Pickett. New York: Seth Moyle (incorporated). $1.30 net.

The semi-centenary of 1863, the critical year of the Civil War, revives interest in our memories of that time, and this is shown abundantly in the publishers' lists.

With these volumes comes a noteworthy book from Germany in "The Human Slaughter House" of Wilhelm Lamszus, which reflects the apprehension felt in Europe of an imminent catastrophe. Lamszus is by profession a teacher, a man humane, accomplished, of strong imagination, and good power of description, and his work is of set purpose in the highest degree shocking. The title is repulsive, the binding is of the color of blood, and set off with a human skull, while the contents are an unshrinking portrayal of the worst horrors. The author well knows the improvements, so-called, of military art, and paints relentlessly in minute detail such a battle as is "sure to come." No intelligent reader will feel that the forecast is exaggerated. We have mastered rapidly in our day the forces of earth, air, and sea, and when these are applied, as in future warfare they will be, to devastation and homicide, how can the result be measured? Here is a presentment of the very naked truth. What good result can be looked for from such a book? The author himself has no hope of averting or even mitigating the horrors he depicts. The war is "sure to come." We rank ourselves definitely among pacificists, but we question the wisdom of our brother peacemen who see in such books a means for making our bad case better. After all, the dreadful features of this warfare of the future cannot be worse than those of the warfare of the past. The process will be quicker, but it cannot go further. Heretofore smiling lands have been made deserts and whole races exterminated. Better perhaps that it should be done in a day than that the agony should be protracted. Nor do the imaginary horrors of Lamszus surpass the recitals, based on fact, of Tolstoy, relating to the Russian Campaign of 1812, or the Erckmann-Chatrian descriptions of the Napoleonic downfall, or the narratives of the Thirty Years' War. Heretofore such accounts have not availed to hold men back from battle, nor will the anticipation of Lamszus hold them back now. From the beginning of the world mankind has stood face to face with the grim visage of war. Its lineaments are graven upon the consciousness of mankind as with a point of steel, and such nightmares as "The Human Slaughter House" are not necessary to deepen this impression. That war has been a necessity Lamszus admits. He quotes admiringly folk-songs of Holland at the time when the Dutch were driving back the Spaniards. His references to Genghis-Khan imply that in his idea Aryan Europe did well in driving back Tartars and Huns. To his German soul it seems a blessing that the Napoleonic yoke was broken even though it must be by force of arms. As to our own Civil War, we

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hope he believes the North did well to withstand the misguided hosts that would have given over our continent to particularism, to that granulation of nations which brings paralysis to all good things.

The humane have long wished that some other arbitrament than that of the sword might be found for our differences. The past did not find, nor has the present yet found it, though we may hope that the hearts of men slowly grow towards gentleness and reason. Civilization is still threatened from the outside by savagery, and pervaded within by greed, superstition, ignorance, class and racial prejudice, and anarchic brutality. These evil powers are militant, and in the last resort can be met only with weapons. Hoping and working for better things, we must make the best of what is, and if there are alleviations for our sad lot, it is right to bring them to bear.

The knightly soldier has always been for men and women a beloved image, the warrior

> Whom neither shape of danger can dismay
> Nor thought of sinful happiness betray.

Such figures charm and inspire us, standing out though they do in the midst of ghastly environments which are the conditions of their appearance; and such an one in our time of trial was Gen. George E. Pickett, champion though he was of a cause which, had he lived, he would probably have believed to have been fortunately lost. Though sent to West Point through influence of Abraham Lincoln, he was from first to last an ardent soldier of the South, in sincere loyalty recognizing as sovereign not the nation, but Virginia, the State of his birth. That his devotedness was honestly misdirected hardly abates the attractiveness of his manhood.

He had the light traits of a troubadour, carrying his guitar at his belt as well as his sword, a singer of ditties, sensitive to bird songs and flowers, a slender, elegant figure in the dance, with locks curling towards his shoulders, soulful eyes, and passionate sighings towards his lady-love. With all this he was the most virile of combatants, the conspicuous hero in a hundred fierce encounters, according to McClellan the best leader of infantry developed on either side during the Civil War. No figure of the time is revealed to us more clearly. His wife sets him forth in three books, largely a reprinting of what has heretofore appeared. Among these books, "Pickett and his Men," though the largest, has the least value. This is a formal history of the events in which her husband played a part, reasonably correct, and magnanimous in tone, marred, however, by efflorescent rhetoric and sometimes silent when a full utterance was needed. As to the famous charge, for instance, on the third day at Gettysburg, the most memorable event with which her husband's name is linked, Mrs. Pickett abandons her practice of revealing everything and suppresses what her husband wrote about the conception of the attack and the conduct of those who were appointed to sustain it. What Pickett really thought is withheld from a desire to avoid animosities and heart-burnings. That charge, however, was probably the most critical incident of the war, and the full opinion of its leader as to the wisdom of his commander and the acts of his associates is important to military history.

The "Bugles of Gettysburg" is in form a novel, a slight work, though it has vivid pictures of the contested fields and the homes behind them. In particular the negro and his relations with his masters has good illustration.

Much the most interesting of the series is "The Heart of a Soldier, as Revealed in the Intimate Letters." The wife consents "with reluctance" to the publication of these letters, and it seems indeed hardly delicate to give to the world communications so intimate; we, however, are the gainers. As love-letters they are charming, and always kind and chivalrous, not vainglorious in the time of triumph, nor cast down in defeat, just alike to enemies and friends. He was a soldier among the knightliest, and a lover to make glad the life of any woman. War is dreadful. Lamszus does not exaggerate its terrors. Here was a man whose career from first to last was warfare. There are traits in his story which illuminate and in some measure offset the gloom. Some of Mrs. Pickett's stories are very pleasant to read. Of Lincoln, who had helped Pickett to enter West Point, she relates:

> It was in Richmond (April, 1865), the day after the fire. The servants had all run away. With my baby on my arm, I answered a knock at the door, and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man, in ill-fitting clothes, who with the accent of the North asked, "Is this George Pickett's place?"
>
> "Yes, sir, but he's not here." "I know that, marm," he replied, " but I just wanted to see the place. I'm Abraham Lincoln." "The President!" I gasped. The stranger shook his head and said, "No, marm. No, marm. Just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend." "I am George Pickett's wife, and this is his baby," was all I could say. My baby reached out his hands to him. He took him in his arms with an expression of rapt, almost divine tenderness and love, which lighted up the sad face. My baby opened his mouth wide and insisted on giving his father's friend a dewy, infantile kiss. Shaking his finger at him playfully, Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, and said, "Tell your father, the rascal! that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes." He turned and went down the steps, and passed out of my sight forever.

Grant, too, had been Pickett's friend. "On the occasion of my son's birth bonfires were lighted all along Pickett's line. Grant saw them and sent scouts to learn the cause. When they reported, he said to Gen. Ingalls: 'Haven't we some kindling on this side of the line?' Bonfires were soon flaming from the Federal line. A few days later there was taken through the lines a baby's silver service engraved, 'To George E. Pickett, jr., from his father's friends, U. S. Grant, Rufus Ingalls, George Suckley.' "

As a soldier Pickett was most widely known for the charge at Gettysburg, though his supreme achievement, no doubt, was at Five Forks, a losing battle, fought against desperate odds, but with matchless skill and valor. In these books he stands extraordinarily revealed even in his inmost life, a man high-minded, strong, and lovable. The heart of this soldier was sweet and wholesome, and he evoked from his environment, whether friendly or hostile, a response in kind:

> Such brave fidelity in death! Such strength and loving will!
> These are the holy balsam drops that woful wars distil.

England and the Orleans Monarchy. By Major John Hall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Major Hall, author of "The Bourbon Restoration," is thoroughly at home in nineteenth-century diplomatic history, and for the present work he has made extensive researches in the archives of London and Paris. The result is an orderly and detailed narrative of the negotiations—primarily between England and France, but necessarily involving much attention to Russian and Austrian relations also—concerning the establishment of Belgium, the Spanish and the Eastern questions, and the revolutionary movement in Switzerland in 1847 and 1848. The work contains the most satisfactory account of these subjects in English; incidentally it throws some new light on certain aspects of the Belgian question, and it presents a new interpretation—not altogether convincing—of Palmerston's policy in respect to the formation of the Quadruple Treaty of 1840.

In respect to the Belgian question, it is clear that Talleyrand and Louis Philippe were not always in strict accord. Talleyrand, convinced since 1815 of the desirability of a close alliance with England, felt that the July Revolution made the alliance essential; that neither the prospect of gaining additional territory in Belgium, nor the supposed necessity of conceding something to the propagandist spirit, newly aroused in France by the overthrow of the Bourbons, should be allowed to prejudice the

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attempt to obtain the support of England. Louis Philippe, on the other hand, while he never seriously contemplated accepting the Belgian crown for his son, hoped to find some way out which would at once satisfy the discontented radicals at home and retain the friendship of the English Government—"Some scheme was on foot whereby France was to acquire a part of Belgium, and, in return, England was to have the right of garrisoning Antwerp, which was to be declared a free port." And the same opposition between Talleyrand and the home Government appears in respect to the withdrawal of the troops from Belgium.

The negotiations leading up to the Quadruple Treaty of 1840 are examined in great detail, and the story is skilfully told. French historians generally maintain that in this affair Palmerston was actuated by the deliberate purpose of isolating France. Some able English historians, such as Spencer Walpole, have taken much the same ground; and have, in addition, siding with the "Whig friends" of Palmerston in the Cabinet and at Holland House, condemned him for neglecting the "greater good," namely, the French alliance, for the temporary advantage of winning a point in Egypt. Major Hall defends Palmerston from both charges. Palmerston, he says, already saw that the Egyptian question was of vital importance for the future interests of England in India: this, and not the French alliance, was the greater good. In any case, he thinks, Palmerston was not responsible for the exclusion of France from the treaty. He sincerely desired to bring France in; the mistaken and foolish policy of Thiers—a policy based upon his belief that it would prove wholly impracticable to attempt to dislodge Mehemmet from Syria, and that the Powers would never act without France—was really responsible for the isolation of France.

That Palmerston's primary motive was to isolate France is certainly not true. Major Hall makes it clear that he would have been content if France had joined with the Powers. Yet it does not appear that he was ready to make any important concession in order to achieve that result. The decisive event in the whole affair was Russia's unlooked-for abandonment of the policy involved in the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. Once certain of Russian support, Palmerston certainly cared little what France might do; his correspondence with Thiers amounts substantially to this: "These are our terms; take them or leave them, it is all one to me." With something of the conciliatory spirit of Aberdeen, more friendly relations between the two countries might have been preserved, although it is not at all certain that France, even in that case, would have been induced to adopt the policy of the Quadruple Treaty.

Whether the French Alliance was in truth the greater good, for which England might well have sacrificed much, involves the whole question of English and French relations in the nineteenth century. During the century and a quarter which elapsed between the accession of William III and the overthrow of Napoleon, England and France were always rivals, and during approximately half that time were actually at war with each other. During the century since 1815, on the contrary, no war has disturbed the peace between them; in spite of serious opposition of interests in Egypt and elsewhere, often bringing them to the verge of hostilities, they have always avoided a rupture; they fought together in the Crimea, and at present are united in an *entente cordiale*. It must have been some persistent influence that turned the ancient enmity of France and England into an armed truce, and the armed truce into a quasi-alliance.

The motives which have directed the diplomacy of France are clear enough. It was fitting, indeed, that Talleyrand should advocate the English alliance; for the effect of his policy at the Congress of Vienna was to make Prussia the guardian of the Rhine, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the sequel of his success in 1815 was the disaster of 1870. At all events, after 1815 the thing which the French were most interested in, apart from the maintenance of the Revolution at home, was the desire to recover lost prestige abroad, to wipe out the humiliation of the second Restoration and the second Treaty of Paris—a desire which, after 1870, took the form of *la Revanche*, the determination to recover Alsace and Lorraine. Generally speaking, France has always felt that the English alliance was essential to the success of this policy, and she has conceded much in order to maintain friendly relations with England.

But until recently, England has seemed not greatly to need the support of France, or indeed the support of any one. Upon English sentiment, a striking effect of the overthrow of Napoleon was the tremendous accentuation of the spirit of insular self-sufficiency. And the crass conceit and vulgar provincialism which so irritated Byron and helped to make him the prophet of revolutionary Europe, which inspired Niebuhr, a great admirer of English institutions, to say that England was dying of the cancer of egoism, profoundly affected English diplomacy for half a century. The spirit of the time was perfectly expressed in Canning's jingoistic phrase—"Every nation for itself, and God for all." Now, Palmerston, as Major Hall remarks, was a true Canningite. He was neither Whig nor Tory, but pure opportunist. With striking ability and unrivalled resourcefulness he pushed the immediate interests of England, regardless whether he thereby served liberalism or reaction, careless of any principle of permanent balance or settled alliance. England, he thought, could guard its own interests; let France guard hers.

However successful such a policy might be in the hands of a Palmerston, it could only lead, in the end, to a splendid isolation. Even in 1871 there was some point in the characteristically exaggerated statement of Ruskin that England was "in much bodily fear; that is to say, afraid of the Russians; afraid of the Prussians; afraid of the Americans; afraid of the Hindus; afraid of the Chinese; afraid of the Japanese; afraid of the New Zealanders; and afraid of the Caffres: and very justly so, being conscious that our only real desire respecting any of these nations has been to get as much out of them as we could." In recent years the wisdom of the opportunist policy of Palmerston has seemed less and less apparent; and England, watching with apprehension the growth of the military and naval power of Germany, and feeling the pinch of her industrial competition, has at last recognized that the permanent good will of France may have its value.

The result is the *entente cordiale*—an *entente* which might have been much more cordial than it is on the part of France, if English statesmen had been less self-satisfied, during the period from 1830 to 1875. It is certainly possible to maintain, with much show of reason, that in 1840 the "greater good" was after all the French alliance. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries England did much to prevent France from gaining Alsace and Lorraine, if she had done more to enable France to keep them in 1870, it might not now be so uncertain whether, in case of a war with Germany, the *entente cordiale* would prove to have been worth while.

Daniel Gookin, 1612-1687: His Life and Letters and Some Account of His Ancestry. By Frederic William Gookin. Chicago: Privately printed.

To most students of American history Daniel Gookin is known, we imagine, only as the devoted and indefatigable superintendent of the Praying Indians in Massachusetts, and as the author of two invaluable works on the early history of the Indians in New England. The present volume, the fruit of more than sixty years of painstaking research, first by John Wingate Thornton, and later by the author, brings together for the first time all the known facts of Gookin's life, and enables us to see the

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notable part which he played in the colonial history of the seventeenth century.

Gookin was of Irish descent. In 1641, at the age of twenty-nine, he came to America and settled in Virginia, where he had already obtained a grant of land. The next year he joined with other Puritans in a letter to the Massachusetts elders, known as the "Nansemond petition," praying for a minister; but the hostility of Gov. Berkeley, who procured from the Assembly the passage of an act of conformity, drove out two of the three ministers who were sent. Perhaps because of this incident Gookin, in 1643, removed to Maryland, and thence in 1644 to Boston, where he was cordially received, and at once made a church member and a freeman. In 1648 he settled at Cambridge. Public honors came rapidly. He was made captain of militia, an office which he retained for nearly forty years; was repeatedly elected a member of the General Court; and in 1651 was Speaker.

In 1654, being in England on private business, he was prevailed upon by Cromwell to take charge of an enterprise for the transplantation of New England settlers to Jamaica. The ill-considered project failed, however. He was back in Boston in 1656, in England again in 1658, and in 1660 returned to Boston on the ship which brought Whalley and Goffe, the fugitive regicides. Meantime, he was actively engaged in the coastwise trade, and later carried on a controversy with Rhode Island over a land grant. The negotiations with Gorges for the purchase of Maine were begun by him, and he drew up the final report on the matter for the General Court, in 1678. In the long struggle with the Crown over the Massachusetts charter he was a leader. In 1673 he became one of the proprietors of the town of Worcester, but continued to reside at Cambridge until his death, in 1687.

Gookin was first appointed Superintendent of Praying Indians in 1656, and held the office continuously from 1661 to 1684. With Eliot he maintained a lifelong friendship, repeatedly travelling with him on his visits to the Indian settlements in Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the first to learn of the impending outbreak of King Philip's war, but only by the greatest exertions was he able to save the Christian Indians from extermination at the hands of the excited colonists. For his noble conduct during the war he received much popular denunciation, and in 1676 failed of election to the General Court; but the Court stood by him and bestowed upon him enhanced military honors, and in 1677 he regained his seat. Save for this episode, public opinion throughout his life held him to be, as Samuel Sewall declared on the day of Gookin's death, "a right good man."

The author's work has been well done. The chapters on Gookin's ancestry are excellent examples of genealogical study, and the text is enriched by numerous documents hitherto unpublished. Mechanically, the volume is a handsome piece of book-making.

Notes

A collected edition of Leonard Merrick's novels is to be issued in London, with introductions contributed by various novelists. We trust some New York publisher will import the edition for this country.

The Klondike country will be the subject of Howard V. Sutherland's "Out of the North," announced by Desmond FitzGerald. "My Voyage in the U. S. Frigate Congress, 1845-1846," by Elizabeth D. Van Denburgh, will be published by the same house in September.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company will offer in the autumn "The New Man," by Jane Stone; "The Quest of the Best," on the training of boys, by William De Witt Hyde; and a fifth edition of "The Journal of a Recluse."

New books announced by Sampson, Low, Marston & Company are "My Somali Book," by A. H. E. Mosse; "Where He Dwelt, or Mind Pictures of Palestine," by Alfred T. Schofield; "The Great Mystery Solved (Edwin Drood)," by Gillan Vase, and "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," by Jeffery Farnol, to be illustrated in color by C. E. Brock.

Paul Elder & Company will shortly publish a new manual by Virginia M. Meyer on "How to Become a Good Card Player," also a set of six manuals on popular card games by Mrs. Meyers, the size to correspond to that of a pack of cards. A volume of illustrations and decorations in color, by Elsinore R. Crowell, entitled "Behind the Garden Wall," will also be on the fall list of children's books.

The Macmillan Company announces for publication in November "Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography." Other announcements include Feodor Dostoievsky's "The Idiot: A Novel in Four Parts"; "Peeps at Many Lands," by Frank Elias; "Mechanics and Heat," by J. Duncan; a new edition of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "Daily Bread"; a fifth edition of Medley's "Student's Manual of English Constitutional History"; "Corn Crops," by E. G. Montgomery, and Vol. V of The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift.

In an article entitled "The Ascent of Mont Blanc," in the *National Geographic Magazine* for August, Mr. W. W. Hyde, of the University of Pennsylvania, describes not only his own experiences, but those of many other mountaineers, including the peasant Jacques Balmat, who in 1786 was the first to reach the summit. The 69 illustrations are of the Mont Blanc region and many of the most notable Alpine peaks, as well as of Swiss villages and peasant women in their quaint and attractive costumes. A brief account of the Italian lakes, with thirteen charming pictures, is given by Mr. Arthur E. Mayer.

Columbia University has issued a fifteenth edition of its "Catalogue of Officers and Graduates," the first edition having appeared as early as 1774. Particular care has been given in the present publication to the locality index, in order that it may serve as a directory for non-resident alumni. Other classifications make this a convenient work of reference.

Wordsworth's "Poems, in Two Volumes" has been reproduced at the Oxford University Press from the edition of 1807. Except for the addition of line numbers and a few typographical corrections, duly noted, this is a reprint, *verbatim, literatim,* and page for page. The two volumes are bound together in one in the admirable green-and-gold series.

It is pleasant to see that the "Collected Poems," by Austin Dobson, have reached a ninth edition (Dutton). How unusual and exquisite the note of his verse begins already to sound, and what a wholesome treasure these pages contain.

Jean Ingelow is remembered more for her novels, especially for the beautiful story of "Off the Skelligs," than for her verse, but there will be not a few readers prepared to welcome the volume of her "Poems" just issued by Henry Frowde.

A number of magazine articles and reviews have been gathered by Edwin Björkman and published by Mitchell Kennerley in a volume, with the title "Voices of To-morrow." The voices are such as come from Strindberg, Björnson, Francis Grierson, Maeterlinck, Bergson, Gissing, Joseph Conrad, Robert Herrick, and Mrs. Wharton. It may not be easy at first to understand in what way the disillusioned utterances of a Gissing may be harmonized with the hot-house mysticism of a Maeterlinck, and so with the others, and as a matter of fact, these names are more associated by a community of revolt than by any unanimity of purpose. Mr. Björkman's own faith is perhaps best indicated by quoting some of his words on Bergson:

> It is nothing less than a new religious formulation that seems to shape itself before our rapt vision when Bergson says that God, as defined in the light of the life-urge theory, "has nothing of the already made," but is "unceasing life, action, freedom." . . . A divine principle, lying ahead and not behind us; an immortality not miraculously conferred, but logically attained: these appear to be some of the possibilities contained in Bergson's audacious conclusions.

Mrs. Piozzi died in 1821, yet the six folio volumes of Thraliana in which she carried out Johnson's advice "to get a little book, and write in it all the anecdotes I might hear, all the observations I might make, all the verses never likely to be published, and, in fine, everything which struck me," remain in MS, but for such passages as were given in the biographical works of Hayward and Seeley. Now Charles Hughes, in "Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana" (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.), parcels out some further samples from what is evidently an extraordinary storehouse of anecdotes. The reason given by the present owner of Thraliana, a Mr. Salusbury, who is a direct descendant of the Piozzis, for the

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non-publication of the manuscript as a whole is that "it contains a great deal of matter that is of too private and delicate a character to be submitted to strangers." And, indeed, from the extracts now given one may see that the writer was at least unrestrained in her statements.

She once wrote that it was strange for a woman to possess such a volume, to "put down every occurrence of her life, every emotion of her heart, and call it Thraliana, for sooth; but then I mean to destroy it." Nine years later she had changed her resolve, and wondered "if my executors will burn the Thraliana." Mr. Hughes remarks that the six precious folios, as entrusted to him by their owner, put him entirely under the spell of Mrs. Piozzi's easy, irresponsible charm.

A remarkable table gives Mrs. Piozzi's estimate of the great personages she met, scoring them all on the scale of twenty, under nine such headings as religion, scholarship, manners, wit, and good humor. Dr. Johnson was credited with twenty in religion, morality, and general knowledge, and with nineteen in scholarship, but in person and voice, manners and good humor, he got only a flat zero. The only person, indeed, who had any good humor was Boswell, with nineteen points, and Evelina Burney's father, with eighteen. The best record in person and voice and manners was, of course, Garrick's, with eighteen and seventeen points, respectively, although Mrs. Thrale was dutiful enough to rate her husband a close second. Burke excelled in general knowledge and religion, but had neither wit nor humor; in person and voice his mark was twelve, or about the average. Garrick's wit was allotted the best, and next to Dr. Johnson, Dr. Beattie's religion and morality. Baretti and Seward were evidently sad scamps, for they had no religion whatever, and very little morality. Sir Joshua Reynolds is left out of account, because Mrs. Piozzi was never able to make up her mind as to his real character.

Among the interesting bits of scandal in the book one is inimitably told, in her own words, of a statesman for whom she had little liking:

> 'Tis now time to turn over a new leaf for the great orator, Mr. Edmund Burke, who, after I had ran all over Wales in 1774, was the first man I had ever seen drunk or heard talk obscenely, when I lived with him and his Lady at Beaconsfield, among dirt, cobwebs, pictures, and statues that would not have disgraced the city of Paris itself, where misery and magnificence reign in all their splendor and in perfect amity. (Note: Irish Roman Catholics are always like the foreigners somehow, dirty and dressy with all their clothes hanging as if upon peg.) That Mrs. Burke drinks as well as her husband, and that their blackamoor carries tea about with a cut finger wrapped in rags, must help to apologize for the severity with which I have treated so distinguished a character.

Perhaps in view of the tolerated vagaries of title-pages, it would be unreasonable to complain because one's curiosity as to what a moving-picture of democracy would be like remains unsatisfied after one has read Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee's book, "Crowds: A Moving-Picture of Democracy" (Doubleday, Page). Perhaps, too, one ought not to complain at the conception of democracy shadowed forth in it, in view of the fact that "democracy" has come to be one of those cant terms applied to almost any feature or system of human relations which the user of the term approves and wants us to approve. We may therefore merely note as an interesting fact that although one division of the work is headed "Letting the Crowd Be Beautiful," democracy as Mr. Lee conceives it seems to be almost wholly concerned with the efficient production of goods, the efficient and equitable distribution of the same, and the rendering to one another by the members of society, in a spirit of mutual helpfulness, of efficient economic service.

"Crowds" is, in fact, not an easy book to describe. Broadly speaking, its theme may be said to be modern industrial and commercial life, especially as seen in England and the United States; and its central idea, or at least the one most frequently insisted on, in one way or another, is that most of the trouble in this world has its root in inefficiency, and that this, in turn, is due to the tired-mindedness and short sight of a very large proportion of those who are attempting to do the world's work. The book ultimately develops into a glorification of ex-President Roosevelt. Indeed, on page 478, and following, Mr. Roosevelt is formally presented to us as the real theme of it, in language that is sometimes almost dithyrambic, and not always in good taste. The Progressive party is nowhere mentioned, but some of its characteristic doctrines find expression, as, for example, on page 487, where it is insisted that the right sort of men shall be allowed to have a monopoly in their business when they say they need it for greater efficiency; but the wrong sort are to be told that they may not have such monopoly, and are to be told why. "Telling them why," says Mr. Lee, with delightful naïveté "will be governing them." But how, the doubter asks, shall the Government distinguish between the two kinds of men? "The Government," says the author, "will deal with each man according to the facts, the scientific facts that he has proved about himself." We have been hearing a good deal of late about the science of human conduct. Here is a novel but sufficiently important task waiting for that science when Mr. Lee and those who think with him get their way in the handling of society.

There is a good deal that suggests Carlyle in "Crowds," and notably those chapters in book five which pour out contempt upon the House of Commons, and by implication upon all legislative assemblies. Perfectly Carlylean is the comparison made between Oxford Street, which hums, in the author's picturesque phraseology, and the House of Commons, which hems. It would be doing less than justice to Mr. Lee, however, to suggest that his book is primarily an imitative one. There are passages of first-hand inspiration in it, and reading that is both wholesome and stimulating; and this one may say even though most of the ideas in it, as is the way with the ideas of those who in the modern world assume the robes of the prophet, are little likely to afford very definite guidance in the work of social renovation and invigoration.

"Letters of Major-General Hart-Synnot" (London: Arnold), edited by B. M. Hart-Synnot, will be of slight interest to most readers. The letters, which were prepared for his wife, constitute a kind of journal kept by the general during his several campaigns in Africa between 1872 and 1902. He writes for the most part about the material objects seen on his journeys, and the details with which, as a military official, he was immediately occupied. Of the physical characteristics of the countries he visited we learn a good deal; of the natives and their customs much less; of matters of general interest, virtually nothing. On one occasion only does he break through his habitual reserve in respect to the political issues involved. He devotes a page to the causes of the Boer war of 1881, which he explains with charming naïveté; Boer independence "means the right of carrying on slavery," whereas "England will not tolerate slavery; this is the Boer's great grievance." In the outcome of that struggle he was keenly disappointed, and he permits himself the following criticism of the policy of the Government: "When it comes to taking two or three blows and then being told to cry 'make friends' instead of fight it out, I see conduct not only unfit for men, but what would be condemned with kicks and jeers in the playground of every school in Britain." We have been told of battles won on the fields of Eton and Harrow, but it is perhaps just as well that political issues are not always brought to the test of schoolboy ethics.

A new edition of the journal of that observant but somewhat censorious traveller, Jasper Danckaerts, formerly known as Dankers, who as a Labadist missionary journeyed through the colonies in America from New York to the Chesapeake and thence to Albany and Boston, has been issued as the latest volume in the series of Original Narratives of Early American History (Scribner). Even if nothing more had been done than to reprint the Murphy text of 1867, a very real benefit would have been conferred upon students and readers of colonial history in this country. The Murphy edition has always been inaccessible, printed as it was in the memoirs of a little-known historical society where few were likely to see it and fewer still to read it, while the brief extracts in Hart's "Contempories," though fairly well selected, gave no adequate idea of the value and interest of the whole narrative. Dr. Jameson has done much more than reprint the Murphy version; he has corrected the text, translated from the original Dutch manuscript found by Mr. Murphy in an old bookshop in Amsterdam in 1864; discovered the real name of Dankers to have been Danckaerts, through an autograph note in a copy of the Old Testament in the Indian language given by John Eliot to Danckaerts in 1680 and, wonderful to relate, still in existence in the library of the Zeeland Academy of Sciences at Middleburg in the Netherlands; identified half a hundred names of persons and places which are almost unintelligible in the uncouth Dutch forms adopted by the writer; added largely to the knowledge possessed of the careers of Danckaerts and his companion Sluyter by

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facts obtained from Dutch sources; and furnished many valuable annotations that explain genealogical and topographical difficulties met with in the text. The Rev. B. B. James, who had already qualified himself for the task by the publication of a paper on the Labadist colony in Maryland, has contributed a general introduction setting forth the main facts regarding Labadism and the Labadists and the history, as far as known, of the settlement on Bohemia Manor. One of Danckaerts's pen-and-ink sketches, of which a number have been preserved, is reproduced in facsimile as a frontispiece to the volume, and as showing New York in 1679 is of great interest, being (as Dr. Jameson says), "topographically accurate, and drawn with no slight degree of skill." To illustrate the journal, two maps or portions of maps have been photographically presented, one the northeast corner of the celebrated map of Maryland which Augustine Herrman made for Lord Baltimore, and the other of New York and New England, a Visscher map of 1655-56, altered to suit the date 1671 and published in Ogilby's "America." Altogether, the result is a definitive edition of a unique historical document, prepared with scrupulous care and rendered easily accessible in a series designed for popular use.

Of the numerous books about Gettysburg which the recent anniversary of the battle has called out, Jesse Bowman Young's "Battle of Gettysburg" (Harpers) is, for the lay reader, the most readable and generally satisfactory. The author, himself a Union officer, knows the ground intimately; he has read and weighed the voluminous literature of the campaign, including a number of works published within a few months; and he writes clearly and interestingly. His judgments of men and movements are, on the whole, such as have come to be accepted by more critical authorities; while on controverted points he fortifies his own conclusions by an adequate presentation of the evidence. Extended appendices give the rosters of the two armies, together with the record of West Point graduates who served on the two sides. The illustrations reproduce a number of contemporary prints.

Volume XXI of the "Journals of the Continental Congress," edited by Gaillard Hunt (Government Printing Office), completes the record for 1781. Although the Articles of Confederation had gone into effect only in March, the Governmental machinery was already working badly. The responses of the States to requisitions for money were slow and inadequate, the attendance of members fell off, and twice, in August and November, the States had to be urged to keep their representation full. The exigencies of the war in the South made it necessary, in July, for Congress to advance money to the delegates from North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, pending remittances from those States, and to permit Maryland and Virginia, in August, to import salt. An elaborate report on the defects of the Articles was submitted August 22. In spite of these embarrassments, however, Congress stuck manfully to its task. Consular representatives of France were officially recognized, although the ratification of a consular convention was delayed. The exchange of Burgoyne and his officers was at last agreed to. American captives confined in prison ships at New York were ordered to be supplied with clothing and provisions, at the same time that retaliation for the barbarous treatment of prisoners of war by the British was seriously urged by members. The controversy between New Hampshire and New York over Vermont was submitted to Congress, and a committee appointed to consider it. The reorganization of the Treasury, in September, was followed in December by the incorporation of the Bank of North America. The principal military event of the period was, of course, the surrender of Cornwallis, the news of which reached Congress on October 24, five days after the event, and only a few days after the report of Greene's victory at Eutaw Springs. For both of these successes Congress voted warm and unfeigned thanks. Beginning November 5 there is a slight formal change in the "Journals," the credentials of members and the committee appointments being omitted. The volume has the usual appendices, including a careful bibliography, and an index for the year.

Josephus Nelson Larned, writer and librarian, died Friday in Buffalo in his seventy-seventh year. From 1859 to 1872 he served upon the editorial staff of the Buffalo *Express*. He was Superintendent of Education from 1872 to 1873, and superintendent of the Buffalo Library from 1877 to 1897. From 1893 to 1894 he was president of the American Library Association. He was the author of "Talks about Labor," "History for Ready Reference," "Talk about Books," "History of England for Schools," "A Multitude of Councillors," "Primer of Right and Wrong," "History of the United States for Secondary Schools," "Seventy Centuries—A Survey," "Books, Culture, and Character." He edited the *Literature of American History* in 1902.

Alumnæ of Radcliffe College will be pained to hear of the death of Miss Mary Coes. She was born in Worcester in 1861, and had been connected with Radcliffe ever since her enrolment as a student in 1883. She was assistant secretary from 1890 to 1894, and secretary from 1894 to 1910, when she was appointed dean.

Wellesley Perry Coddington, since 1891 professor of philosophy at Syracuse University, died last week at Hamburg, Germany. He was born at Ossining, N. Y., in 1840, and graduated from Wesleyan University in 1860.

Prof. Henri Marion, for thirty years professor of modern languages in the United States Naval Academy, died last Thursday at Culver, Ind. Professor Marion was designated by the Government as the official interpreter of the party that brought the body of John Paul Jones from France to this country in 1906, and later he wrote a book on the subject, "Last Cruise and Final Resting Place of John Paul Jones." He was the author of several textbooks of French and Spanish.

August Ferdinand Bebel, the German Socialist, died in Zurich, Switzerland, on August 13. He was born in Cologne in 1840, and, though rich at the time of his death, he had had a severe struggle with poverty as a child and young man. In 1867 he was elected to the North German Parliament, and four years later to the new German Reichstag. In 1872 he was accused, with his friend Liebknecht, of an attempt at high treason, and was condemned to two years' imprisonment, and to nine months for insult to the German Emperor. He was reëlected, however, to the Reichstag, and maintained his place there. Among his numerous writings are the following: "Christentum und Sozialismus," "Charles Fourier," "Die Frau und der Sozialismus," and "Die Sozialdemokratie und das allgemeine Wahlrecht." A more extended notice of Herr Bebel's career will be found in the *Nation* of July 10, in a review of "My Life," his last work.

Science

Bird-Lore for July-August opens with the account of an island, called the Old Man, on the far eastern coast of Maine, which is the home of many sea-birds, including the Eider Duck. It is about twelve acres in extent, and is covered with dense grass and bushes in which there are so many nests that it is difficult to walk without treading on them. Many interesting experiences with birds in different parts of the country are recorded, some of them by young observers; and there is a list of 244 different species of birds seen in eastern Massachusetts from January 1 to December 31, 1912. Of these, 27 were seen on the first day of the year. Among the other contents is the Biological Survey Circular, "Proposed Regulations for the Protection of Migratory Birds," which is characterized as "doubtless the most important document in relation to bird-protection which has ever appeared in this country—possibly in any country." There is also a map showing the two zones into which the United States is divided for this purpose.

Prof. T. G. Bonney, the venerable geologist, long time in the faculty of University College, London, has brought his well-known volume, "Volcanoes: Their Structure and Significance," abreast of much recent investigation, in a third edition issued by Putnams. The work is a very readable and well-prepared discussion of the subject. There are, nevertheless, two suggestions which the author might consider with profit. Professor Bonney writes in the belief that the earth's crust is saturated with ground-water down to the limit of cavities, a belief which materially influences his conclusions regarding the causes of volcanic action. On the other hand, increasing experience in deep mines and boreholes leads to the conclusion that free ground-water rarely extends below one to two thousand feet from the surface—a conclusion which has been brought out in several significant papers in America. Professor Bonney is also impressed with the value of the investigations recently published by M. Brun, of Geneva. M. Brun has become convinced of the absence of water in volcanic emissions. Professor Bonney could not know, at the time he wrote his revised book, that the work of Messrs. Day and Shepherd, of the Carnegie Geophysical Institution, performed at Kilauea, Hawaii, and only announced last December, has shown so much water in these emissions as to raise very serious questions regarding the accuracy of M. Brun's determina-

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tions. Both these matters will need consideration in a future edition of this otherwise excellent manual.

In science, as elsewhere, the fashions change, and the natural sciences are usually the leaders of fashion. No change of fashion is more interesting than the transition from the static category of "matter," which prevailed from Newton to Darwin, when even the human mind was an aggregation of atomic mental "states," to the dynamic category of "energy," the fashion of recent years, during which nothing has been real but action. In "The Dynamic Foundation of Knowledge" (Dutton), Alexander Philip undertakes to show in some detail how the conceptions of science have their origin and meaning in the "dynamic" implications of action. Apparently he is not aware that his thesis has already been broadly elaborated under the name of pragmatism; his reading appears to have been more in science than in philosophy. His book is none the less worth while, if somewhat amateurish, and if, in the end, like Ostwald and others, he leaves us wondering what special spiritual significance is implied in the substitution of energy for matter and how far "dynamic" is not mainly a blessed word.

Charles F. Mitchell's "Building Construction" (Van Nostrand) is issued in two volumes, an "Elementary Course" and an "Advanced Course." The author is an Englishman of standing in his profession, and naturally writes primarily for the English public. It follows therefore that many of the technical terms used, and methods of construction described, are unfamiliar to architects and builders in this country. Nevertheless the "elementary course" is well fitted to acquaint the student with the general constructional elements which he is called upon to present in small scale working drawings. The "advanced course" is less than an engineering treatise, and more than a draughtsman's manual; the author having kept in view the requirements of those engaged in designing and executing building work, endeavoring to describe the essential principles of good construction, and to illustrate them by typical examples selected from actual practice.

Of interest to naturalists and breeders, though scarcely to the general reader, is R. Lydekker's "The Sheep and Its Cousins" (Dutton). The volume is written to follow "The Horse and Its Relatives" and "The Ox and Its Kindred," by the same author; it covers a field which until now has been vacant, reviewing all breeds of sheep, both wild and domesticated. Discussion of the origin of domesticated sheep is almost purely theoretical, and there are considerable differences of opinion; but the author inclines to believe that the sheep of Europe result from a cross between a domesticated strain of the wild sheep of Corsica and Sardinia, the mouflon, with one of the strains of the Asiatic urial. The latter were first brought into Europe by the immigration of the forebears of the Swiss lake-dwellers. The great antiquity of domestic sheep is shown by the wide variety of types illustrated in the book. Their differences are astonishing, and the publisher has wisely given most of his pictures to the little-known forms. The most interesting parts of the book deal with the merinos, the British breeds, the Bokhara fat-tailed sheep (producers of Astrachan fur), and the wild sheep so difficult to kill, chiefly the argali of Asia and our own bighorn. Mr. Lydekker does not, however, look upon the latter with the eye of a sportsman, and lacks the vivid power of Mr. Hornaday or Mr. Thompson Seton. Of modern attempts at breeding he says little, and seems unaware of the present attempt to introduce the Bokhara sheep into America. The book is dry; but its facts, although not always at first hand, are copious and authentic.

C. Leslie Reynolds, superintendent of the National Botanical Gardens, died last week in Washington. Mr. Reynolds had been connected with the Botanical Gardens for about forty years, and was known for his work in developing the American Beauty rose. He was fifty-five years old, and a native of Montgomery County, Md.

Drama

THE PLAY MARKET.

Several thousand plays have been submitted in competition for the $10,000 prize offered by Mr. Winthrop Ames. Thousands of plays were submitted to the management of the defunct New Theatre, of which Mr. Ames was the head, yet of this number just one play was thought worthy of acceptance, and that play was by a dramatist of established reputation. Mr. Ames may have better luck this time. In the years that have elapsed since the beginning of the New Theatre experiment, there has undoubtedly been some progress towards bringing the theatre into closer touch with the realities of life, even if reality has often taken on the aspect of morbid sensationalism. This in turn has probably drawn to the business of playwriting men with ideas, a sense of literary values, and some knowledge of the background of dramatic history. The custom of publishing plays in book form has also grown. On every hand there are indications that this fascinating game has attracted people other than the truck drivers, section hands, and village dressmakers, whose efforts, according to the chronic complaint of the theatrical managers, clog their office pigeonholes and drive them to distraction.

This does not mean that the efflorescence of dramatic art in this country, which is so steadily and so patiently predicted, will be brought about by the college professors. Something more than ideas and literary style is necessary for success in this eminently difficult art of writing for the popular audiences of the theatre. But if the college professors and allied "highbrows" cannot be expected to supply the managers with perfect plays, it is reasonable to assume that they can furnish the managers with ideas. And how often have we been assured that a good idea is all the managers are looking for! We see no reason why this statement should not be sincere. The managers have at their command the services of trained playwrights who can bring the necessary professional skill to the task of licking a good dramatic idea into shape. This is constantly done in the case of the dramatization of successful novels, where the finished play is really the work of a hired dramatist, and retains merely the theme of the novel, if that. If the same efforts were to be applied to developing the possibilities suggested in plays submitted by amateurs deficient in the technical knowledge of the stage, our elaborate competitions might easily yield something more than the usual barren results.

The economics of the musical "show" would seem to be a case in point. Here is a production obviously involving a very heavy money investment, even if we discount the staggering sums put forth by the press agent's imagination. It is safe to say that it costs five times as much to produce the average musical comedy as it does to stage the average "legitimate" play. The percentage of successful productions is not perceptibly higher for musical comedy than for "straight" drama. The returns from a successful drama are plainly much greater than from a successful musical piece. It is a very rare "show" that reaches the dazzling prosperity of three, four, or more road companies, such as has been attained by a very considerable number of non-musical plays. Why, then, should there be any manager willing to produce a musical comedy when he can stage five non-musical plays on the same investment? The usual reply is that the plays are simply not to be had, whereas a musical comedy can always be manufactured. Yet it is the contention of the practical men of the theatre that the manufacturing process is of essential importance in legitimate drama, too; we cannot get on without that technique in which the amateur is so sadly lacking. Why not supply the technique? The rejoinder to this would be that manufacture in musical comedy is everything, since that is an art-form which dispenses with ideas, whereas artisanship alone will not suffice on the dramatic stage; an idea is essential there. The implication, therefore, would be that not only is there a dreadful dearth of good plays in the market, but that there is a dearth of good ideas capable of being worked up into plays.

This does not sound convincing. It is difficult to imagine that out of the thousands of manuscripts submitted to the managers of the New Theatre there were not a dozen which by intelligent and patient labor might have been developed into plays worth while. As

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a matter of fact, Mr. John Corbin, in a magazine article, once declared that there were such manuscripts submitted, and he proceeded to show wherein these plays, in spite of inherent merit, fell short of the required standard. But why were not pains taken to bring to fruit the promise thus recognized? In what better way could the New Theatre have justified its existence? We speak of the New Theatre; because of the commercial manager it is undoubtedly true that sometimes when he stands ready to purchase an idea from a young writer for exploitation by a trained playwright, the author will refuse to sell. And rightly. In the hands of the professional it is only too common that the original idea perishes under the weight of mediocre stage carpentry. That is not the kind of collaboration we have in mind. We have used the word "idea," but mean thereby something more than the bare suggestion for a play. If the author could feel that his "idea" in a broad sense, the spirit of his play, its purpose, and its grace, would not suffer execution at the hands of his collaborator, he would show less fear of the trained artisan of the theatre.

Music

The Century Opera Company, of New York, has made an arrangement with the managers of the Boston and the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Companies for the exchange of singers. About forty principals are included in the Century Opera Company. To keep all of them busy during weeks when they do not happen to be in the cast, the management has decided to organize a concert bureau. The opera season at the Century opens on September 15, with "Aïda," which will be sung every day during that week in English, and on the Monday of the following week in Italian. All the other operas will have their first performance on Tuesday night; they will be sung in English daily, including Saturday, and in their original language on the following Monday.

Novelties by Debussy and Charpentier are included in the list of the works to be performed next season in New York by the MacDowell chorus of the Schola Cantorum. Kurt Schindler, who has made these concerts so interesting for the last three years, has also chosen for performance next winter choral works by Borodine and Moussorgsky, anthems by Verdi, excerpts from operas by Gluck, Purcell, and Rousseau, new compositions by Percy Grainger, and folk-songs of different nations. Among the soloists will be Julia Culp and Emilio de Gogorza.

The Edward MacDowell Memorial Association announces a music festival at Peterborough, N. H., on August 21-24. It will be under the direction of Eusebius Godfrey Hood, of Nashua, who will conduct the Boston Festival Orchestra and the Peterborough MacDowell chorus. A feature of the festival will be a programme of American music conducted by the composers. This programme includes a cantata, "The Poet and the Dryad," by Cyril Graham; two movements from the "Aladdin" suite by Edgar Stillman Kelley, some songs by Cadman, a "Poem" for baritone and orchestra, by Mabel W. Daniels, and the Negro Rhapsody of Henry F. Gilbert.

Alfred Bruneau, whose "L'Attaque du Moulin" was produced at the Century Theatre a few years ago by the Metropolitan Opera Company, is the composer of one of the operatic novelties to be produced in Paris next season. Its title is "Les Trois Journées." The principal tenor rôle in it will be created by Rousselière, who will also appear in another novelty, "Céleste," by Emile Trépard.

The reception accorded his new opera, "Julien," in Paris appears to have spurred Charpentier to fresh industry. He is said to have nearly completed his "Orpheus," which is to be produced next season at the Opéra-Comique.

Since Frederick the Great, no Prussian ruler has shown such an interest in music as the present Kaiser. Arthur M. Abell sums up some of his achievements in the *Music Courier*. One of his most important was his setting a number of experts to work to gather the best German folk-songs since the days of the Minnesingers. The result was a volume of six hundred of these songs, harmonized so that they could be sung by the male choruses which abound in Germany. Another of his achievements was the reform in singing as taught to the children in common schools. For the opera in Berlin, Cassel, and Wiesbaden the Emperor has spent many millions of marks; no other man in the world gives as much as he does for the support of music. It is owing to the Kaiser's support, also, that it has been possible to publish the fifty volumes of "Denkmäler Deutscher Tonkunst," from the years 1400 to 1750, most of the expense being paid out of the monarch's purse.

Americans abroad will have an opportunity this summer of hearing "Parsifal" in Switzerland. Six performances of it will be given at Zurich; the first on August 31, the last on September 11. At Bayreuth there are no performances this year, nor will "Parsifal" be heard in Munich.

A German musical paper has been printing a series of articles on the many different editions of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord." When Bach was living, the only way he could get even one edition of some of his greatest works was to print them with his own hands. It cannot be said that even now Bach receives the attention due him as the greatest musical thinker the world has ever known. His works, so far as they were preserved, are now all printed in the great Breitkopf & Härtel edition; but most of them are very seldom heard anywhere. Ruskin once said that posterity would not read his books because he had written too many. Bach also composed too much, but his collected works are mines with many veins of pure gold. From London comes the announcement that some of the lesser-known works of Bach will be performed, at popular prices, under Dr. R. R. Terry with the coöperation of the Society of Women Musicians. Familiar works will be avoided. It is proposed to give cantatas, chamber-music, concertos, and other orchestral works, preference being given to those least known in England.

French operas make up the bulk of the offerings of the Brussels Opera House for next season. The list includes Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," "Fauré's "Pénélope," Charpentier's "Julien," D'Indy's "Istar" and "L'Etranger," Saint-Saëns's "Timbre d'Argent," and an opera named "Cachaprès," by Casadessus.

Art

WATTS AND HIS ART.—I.

Towards the art of Watts it is difficult for me to maintain anything like critical detachment. My mind goes back too vividly to that winter of the New York exhibition of 1884, when, as a lad, I first caught the truth that great painting may arouse and calm one as great poetry does or noble music. After nearly thirty years I still recall the fragile form of Life heartened to the next hesitant step upward by the strong hand of Love, and Love himself with wings broken against a door into which Death must pass. I retain, too, a general sense of grave, shrewd, and magnanimous faces set between the larger canvases. The Matthew Arnold is still clear to me, and the massive head of that great Christian warrior, Lawrence of India. Eight years later it was my privilege to confirm these admirations by a visit to the studio in Melbury Road. Even since, the question of Watts's symbolism, its legitimacy and its limits, has been occasionally present to me. It is, naturally, the central critical issue, and the answers are confusingly various. Among English artists and men of letters it is common enough to hear Watts spoken of as an admirable landscapist and portrait painter, unhappily warped by a fad for allegory. Others laud the elevation and copiousness of his invention while regretting the inadequacy of his technique. Some count him the greatest technician of the century, while more or less averse from his transcendental themes.

Such wide differences of intelligent opinion show how exceptional was the man's genius. He recked little of our artistic standards; he escapes our categories; he seems irreducibly the individualist. Yet an individualist with a baffling difference, for there never was a soul more socially minded than Watts. Nations were his beneficiaries—France, Canada, Australia, the United States, above all his own England, which now by gift or bequest possesses the bulk of his work. To do public decoration for the actual cost was almost habitual with him. He put away wealth in the desire to serve his times and posterity. His very looks and habits suggested odd-

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ly a reincarnation of the older artists he adored. His resemblance to the aged Titian was striking, and he followed Titian's way of painting slowly upon many canvases, gradually perfecting them through years. The forms of the mountain chains, made up of prone titans, in the design for Chaos, he took from the stains on a crumbling plaster wall. It was one of Leonardo da Vinci's devices for stimulating invention. Watts's habit of painting from small modelled figures had earlier been Tintoretto's. Thus in all respects he seems an anachronism in London of the nineteenth century, and his own requirement that a painter must be of his times seems ironic. Yet in the child-like seriousness and persistency of the man was no taint of irony. He was, I believe, not merely one of the greatest artists of his time, but in all essentials one of the most representative. If he differs from most successful painters of his day, it is precisely because they represent next to nothing—individual caprice, trick of trade, flutter of the market—whereas he represents almost alone among painters the deeper currents of life and thought that mark the Victorian age. In gratitude for the first great impression of art I ever received, let me now endeavor to analyze his genius.

I.

My task is the easier that Watts's purpose was single and fully expressed not merely in his pictures, but also in his letters, recorded talk, and published writings. The difficulty, indeed, is the excess of material. Shortly after his death a neighbor, Mrs. Barrington, published a bulky and formless Life. Now, Mrs. Watts exceeds the standard measure of two volumes by adding an entire volume of her late husband's literary works.* The tone of her biography is excellent; she preserves many sayings that one would be sorry to miss; she gives the general sense of that purposeful yet carefully sheltered life, of the coming and going of grave men and fair women, of an atmosphere of cheerful reverence and love. And yet the picture is sadly obscured by the details. Nor can Watts himself be said to be interesting through so many pages. Could the Prophet Isaiah himself bear expansion to three-volume scale? In the considerable task of sifting much ill-assorted material, I shall be helped by Robert de la Sizéranne, who has admirably analyzed the art, and by G. K. Chesterton, whose little biography leaves nothing to add on the topic of Watts as a representative Victorian.

What is remarkable about Watts is his absolutely dedicated life. Had he deliberately intended to make himself a great painter, he would have held no other course. Of poor parents and barely educated in his youth, he was grounded at least in his Bible, his Homer, and his Scott, and he soon undertook the hard task of teaching himself French, Italian, and Greek, and the easier task of teaching himself how to draw and paint. His earliest drawing, probably of his seventh year, is a Sisyphus—a universal type. Before he was sixteen he was taking commissions for chalk and pencil portraits, and was self-supporting. At eighteen, in 1835, he was admitted to the Antique School of the Academy. The keeper, William Hilton, admired his work and besought him to abstain from imaginative composition during his schooling—advice which young Watts calmly disregarded. In his twentieth year, 1837, he exhibited two portraits at the Academy, and one masterly composition, the Wounded Heron. The portrait of his father, done two years earlier, is more thinly painted, but has the wistful candor of a Gilbert Stuart. It suggests the gentle spirit of the humble musician baffled by the world, sympathetic guardian of a motherless boy of genius. For a few years young Watts, hampered by the prostrating headaches which pursued him through life, worked chiefly as a portrait painter, gradually emerging from the world of Dickens to that, by anticipation, of Mrs. Humphry Ward. And then came the success that made him a great artist. In a laudable but abortive effort to encourage mural painting, looking to the new Parliament House, the Government, in 1842, instituted a competition of cartoons on subjects in English history or literature. One hundred and forty designs were submitted, and young Watts, with Cope and Edward Armitage, received one of the three first awards of three hundred pounds sterling. Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome was the subject, and from the existing fragments it is clear that Watts had already saturated himself with the grandeur of the Parthenon marbles and of Titian.

With his cartoon money he went to Italy. At Florence he became a casual guest of Lord Holland, Minister to the Tuscan Grandduchy. The beauty and gentleness of the young man appealed to those fine amateurs Lord and Lady Holland, and he remained their guest for the four Italian years. This meant a spacious life, now in the Palazzo Feroni, now at the Medici villa of Careggi, now at Naples; it meant, too, the very best society the world afforded. Watts became the friend of the brilliant Duff-Gordons; Ristori sat to him, and Verdi and Princess Mathilde Buonaparte. There was space and leisure for great canvases. Italian history and legend supplied the themes—Buondelmonti, Paolo and Francesca, Fata Morgana, Boccaccio's story-tellers. In the Casa Feroni and at Careggi he made his first attempts at fresco. Rome supplied the great sensation of the Sistine Chapel. With the Parthenon marbles it was henceforth ever present to him as the test of the elevation of his own work. Michelangelo's influence is plain in the historical painting, completed in 1846 for a new Government competition, and later bought by the nation, Alfred Inciting the Saxons to Resist the Danes by Sea; but in the main the leading influence in the early as in the later painting is that of the Venetians. The same year Watts begged the Greek merchant Constantine Ionides to commission him "to paint a picture to send to Greece. Some patriotic subject, something that shall carry a moral lesson." The publicist is making itself felt in the detached artist. In a letter he describes his Alfred as "dedicated to patriotism and posterity." In every way the idyllic guest-friendship with the Hollands was fruitful. Young Watts, like Delacroix, had definitely rooted his art in that of the High Renaissance. Moreover, it seemed as if he were to realize the precepts of Sir Joshua and the ambitions of the unhappy Haydon in founding an historical school of painting. For such work the monumental gravity of the Caractacus cartoon and the fire of the Alfred show that he had every qualification, and his increasing devotion to symbolism bears a little the look of thwarted development—a question that must later occupy us.

Meanwhile it is interesting to note how circumstance plays into the hands of a steadfast purpose. For three years after he left the Hollands in Florence, until 1850, Watts, in invalid fashion, fought it out alone in London. Then Mr. and Mrs. Thoby Prinsep took him in at Little Holland House, near his old patrons, and Signor, as they called him, was resident elder brother to that charming family for more than thirty years, inheriting, when the Prinseps moved out, their excellent housekeeper. And when Little Holland House was replaced by its namesake in Melbury Road, the master, in his old age, was cherished first by an adopted daughter, then by the young wife who is now his biographer. His homes at London and at the Surrey studio, Limnerslease, became places of pilgrimage for wise, good, and merry people. The very hack work of portraiture seldom brought to him a person he did not value, and led to him many of the fairest women and ablest men of his time. And this necessary toil was much lessened through the faith of a constant patron, Mr. Charles H. Rickards, of Manchester, whose collection became the nucleus of those exhibitions that in the eighties brought the master tardy fame. Thus he painted much on his own terms, as a postscript to Gladstone concerning a sitting will

*George Frederic Watts. The Annals of an Artist's Life. By M. S. Watts. In 3 vols. 8vo. With numerous photogravure plates. New York: George H. Doran Company. $10 net.

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suggest. It reads: "Not a word to be spoken from the beginning to the end." In every way he was spared for his work. To have married in middle life so alien a genius as that of the brilliant girl, Ellen Terry, would have fatally disoriented many a transcendentalist; but the mismated stars were well out of the coil after a twelvemonth, and he planning a new venture in colossal statuary. In 1867, at fifty, he was made an Academician. Twice he declined a baronetcy at Gladstone's hands. And when he died, at the age of eighty-seven, in 1904, he was generally regarded as England's foremost artist. The colossal equestrian group, Physical Energy, which had been the chief concern of his later years, was cast by the state for London, and a replica set up as a memorial to Cecil Rhodes on the Matoppo Hills.

From his seclusion Watts maintained a singularly magnanimous public spirit. Besides the great series of portraits and poetical pieces which he reserved for the nation, he gave away scores of his best pictures to public galleries, offered to fresco Euston Station for the costs, volunteered as a rifleman, established a private memorial to the obscurely heroic, wrote on the Imperial destinies of England, instructed the villagers near Limnerslease in arts and crafts, gave his tithe to Ruskin's ill-fated St. George's Guild—in general, showed himself the most socially-minded of men, yet keeping these activities strictly in line with his career as an artist. Day by day throughout his life he rose at daybreak, grudging the necessary hours of sleep. Almost alone among modern painters he studied with utmost care color and vehicles with regard to their permanency. Every great composition was repeatedly amended and frequently put through several versions. So the long and stainless life was rounded out in gentle persistency, in kindliness, in high endeavor, and in a strange imperturbability.

Mr. John D. Crace, the author of "The Art of Colour Decoration" (Scribner), who is a leading English decorative artist, gives us in this book, as is indicated in the subtitle, an explanation of the purposes to be kept in view by the decorative painter and the means of attaining them. He treats in several short chapters of the distribution of values, the scheme of color, the explanation of surface and contour, the treatment by great masters, the decorative picture and imitations, closing with a short reference to modern work and certain hints on practice. Throughout the book we find valid reasoning, sound criticism, and valuable suggestions. The text is fully illustrated with photographic reproductions and with twenty plates, most of which are beautifully executed in color from sketches made by the artist-author in the course of his studies of the work of the great masters of decorative painting.

The author is a strong and convincing advocate of the emphasis of structural values and of the principle that the decoration of a building should always conduce to, and should never lessen, the beauty of the architectural form of which it must in the end become an essential part. In this he will appeal to architects, who all too often find the decorative painter ignorant of architecture and recklessly careless of its significant features, aiming only to place on the wall surfaces clever copies of their sketches, which may be meritorious as seen in their studios, but thorough failures as reproduced and enlarged in their final execution. It may perhaps be said that our author is almost too strongly impressed with the importance of this emphasis of structural value, forgetting that, important though it be, it is but one of many elements which go to give nobility to a work of decorative art. This appears in his somewhat hesitant appreciation of the great mosaic decorations left to us by the masters of the Middle Ages. Such points of weakness are, however, rare, and the book is to be commended to all decorative artists and to all architects whose practice entails the coöperation of the decorative painter.

From Vromant & Cie., of Brussels, we have received two examples of their new series "Reproduction des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique." More exactly, these are excellent collotype facsimiles of famous miniatures, very conveniently arranged on separate sheets, in neat board portfolios with ties. Editorial prefaces are supplied by Father Van den Gheyn, honorary librarian of the Royal Library. The format is small quarto. The two issues before us are "L'Ystoire de Helayne," a romance copied and pictured in 1448 for Philip the Good. It contains twenty-six miniatures, and costs ten francs. The second manuscript, Jean Mielot's amplification of Christine de Pisan's "Epitre d'Othéa Déesse de la Prudence, a Hector, Chief des Troyens," is of slightly later workmanship and also destined for the Good Duke. The illustrations cover virtually the entire field of classic mythology and hero legend as known to the fourteenth century. The pictures are rude but spirited, and of incomparable naïveté. There are no less than a hundred plates, and the price of the portfolio is only twenty francs. These excellent and inexpensive facsimiles of entire pictorial series may be strongly recommended to students and bibliophiles.

Finance

THE RISE IN STOCKS, AND ITS MEANING.

As usual, a great variety of specific causes may be enumerated to explain the upward sweep of prices on the Stock Exchange, which began fully a month ago, which did not come to a halt until last week Wednesday, and which, during the interval, carried up prices 10 to 16 per cent., from the low level of last June, in many of the active shares. On such occasions any observer is at liberty to select his own special explanation. It may have been the final solution of the Southern Pacific imbroglio; the signing, by the quarrelsome Balkan States, of the peace of Bucharest; the offer of $50,000,000 Government deposits to interior banks, by the Treasury Department; the building up of the London and Paris bank reserves, through receipt of $20,000,000 gold from South America.

In a more general way (for explanations are provided to suit all tastes), it may be merely the progressive release, under growing financial confidence, of the "mid-year interest money." It may simply mean that people who looked for "a panic in the autumn, worse than the other one," have become convinced that there will be no panic. Coming down to Wall Street's exclusively anthropomorphic point of view, the rise in prices may have embodied the retreat of the "bear crowd" from an "oversold market," or the skilful efforts of the Union Pacific managers to "make a market" for their $88,000,000 Southern Pacific offering. Any one of these theories is plausible, or all of them together. No tradition is better established, on the Stock Exchange, than the tradition that, when a market has been moving aggressively in either direction, there seems no end to the specific reasons for that movement.

It sometimes simplifies matters, however, to accept the stock market in its historic rôle of index to a coming fundamental change, for better or worse, in the general situation. That such a change has been at least in sight—certainly as long as the recent aggressive rise in stocks has lasted—every observant person should be aware.

What the condition of things would have been in our own and other money markets if "the Balkans" were still cutting one another's throats, and the Treasury still sitting on its surplus, and the Southern Pacific shares in the hands of a court receiver to dispose of, may be interesting matters of conjecture. The probability is that, even so, financial communities would have discovered in the autumn that they had over-prepared for the coming stringency.

Berlin found it so, at the "mid-year settlements" of July, when none of these cheerful special influences was yet in operation. In reality, the two main facts of the year, with a bearing on the financial future, have been the preservation of absolute harmony among the European neutral Powers, and the embargo placed by the world's great bankers on the prodigiously reckless underwriting of any and all new security issues. Granting those two achievements, a turn from the gloom and doubt of the past six months was entirely assured.

How far and how continuously the recovery will proceed, in the money market, on the stock market, or in general trade, is naturally a different question.

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The pause and reaction on the Stock Exchange, after the rise in prices had culminated, last week, on the news of the Union Pacific's successful underwriting of its stock sale, reflected a feeling of reserve in which all Wall Street shared. For one thing, it was to be remembered that, even under ordinary circumstances, the last half of August is not a usual period for aggressively rising markets.

The normal autumn requirements of the money market are immediately ahead. The very trade revival, which the recent Stock Exchange movement is assumed to have foreshadowed, must be provided for, and the recourse of other years—the drawing on London's capital for Wall Street's purposes—would this year, for obvious reasons, be a doubtful reliance. Lombard Street will finance our "crop movement," as usual; but it would be singular if the London market were to countenance extensive loans to New York on American Stock Exchange collateral.

We shall also have to straighten out the as yet unsettled problem, just what effect the damage to the corn crop is to have on the general business outlook. That phase of the situation is peculiar, in that certain large sections of the country have to face a ruined harvest, whereas the rest of the corn belt promises to come through the season fairly well. The prevalent estimate of yield, since rain fell last week in other sections than the unlucky Southwest, has been for a crop of 2,500,000,000 bushels. That would be 625,000,000 bushels under last year's harvest, and nearly as much below this year's early June forecasts. But it would not materially differ from the corn harvests of such recent years as 1911, 1909, 1907, and 1904, when the crop was regarded as a serious disappointment, but not as a disaster.

Furthermore, this year will apparently produce, as none of those four years did, a quite unprecedented wheat yield. In 1904, in fact, the trade recovery got under way in the later autumn, in the face not only of a corn crop smaller than last week's estimates for the present season, but of the smallest wheat crop in nearly half-a-dozen years. This is but one aspect of the general problem of next autumn. Against the possibilities of renewed political unsettlement at home, and of slowness in the European recovery, there may also properly be set the facts that the country's money markets are already relaxing their tension, and that stocks of goods in merchants' hands are exceptionally small. When the tariff schedules are finally determined, and the money situation clears, those supplies must inevitably be replenished.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Avalon, Arthur. Tantra of the Great Liberation: A Translation from the Sanskrit. London: Luzac.
Avalon, A. and E. Hymns to the Goddess. Translated from the Sanskrit. London: Luzac & Co.
Ayscough, John. Grace Church. Longmans. $1.75 net.
Benedict, Julius. Weber. New edition. Scribner.
Caine, Hall. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.35 net.
Callaway, Morgan, jr. The Infinitive in Anglo-Saxon. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Cleveland, F. A. Organized Democracy. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Cole, J. L. Wheel-Chair Philosophy. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.
Dawson, Coningsby. The Garden Without Walls. Holt. $1.35 net.
Gregory, Julia. Catalogue of Early Books on Music (Before 1800). Washington: Library of Congress.
Hough, L. H. The Men of the Gospels. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.
Irvine, Alexander. My Lady of the Chimney Corner. Century. $1.20 net.
Johnson, Owen. Murder in Any Degree, and Other Stories. Century. $1.30 net.
Krall, Emil. The Art of Tone-Production on the Violoncello. Scribner.
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